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THE FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME XLVI, NUMBER 1 / WINTER 1970

Hope gives...

patience...

It gives to love

love's other name: joy,

the possession of

hope's own expectations

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MEMO . . .

from the editor's desk

Again an Apology

This issue deals largely with hope, which is not to say that hopes cannot be frustrated. The editor had hoped to have this winter issue out much earlier. But her hopes were dashed when she was banished to hospital for days crucial to this edition of *THE FIELD AT HOME*. There was nothing more than usual wrong with her head except that it refused to function when the back to which it is attached had to be kept flat. Now that she is upright and seated in front of a typewriter, hope again looms large.

This Issue of The Field at Home

As our main topic we have chosen *hope* for this winter issue. We believe it is timely. This is a time of year when we seem naturally to yearn, to hope for the first signs of spring. This is a time in our history which appears to abound in signs of hopelessness. Paradoxically, it is a time in which signs of genuine hope and for genuine hope also abound.

In a recently published book, *Living in Hope* by Ladislaus Boros, S.J., the author finds many signs of promise in the world of today. He mentions the *duty of being intelligent* and says, "We have been practically compelled by others to seek new answers to new questions". That *our idea of God is being purified* is another hopeful sign. "We need have no fear of any changes in conceptions of man and the world. The greater man and the world become, the more God too will grow for us."

According to Father Boros, *the modern mind is a critical mind* and a critical mind is usually a humble mind. This too he finds hopeful. Furthermore, *sanctity today is concerned much less with self and much more with the world*. He predicts, "The new kind of saint will, I imagine, be a human being who is seriously concerned for the right action on the created level, who is very sensitive to the moment of grace, sinks into the world as it were in order to transform it".

The author of *Living in Hope* also considers it hopeful that *Christians today are striving for a Christianity of personal decision*; that *their piety is much more Christocentric*; that more and more *Christianity will become a search for what is humanly unattainable* and will thus require much deeper personal devotion to Christ. *The freeing of the laity from excessive clerical tutelage* and *the developing positive attitude to Christian fraternity* and the service this implies are the final signs of promise mentioned by Father Boros.

The Future as the Presence of Shared Hope is the title of a book edited by Maryellen Muckenhirn. The title alone should be a theme for all thinking Christians and particularly for those thinking Christians who have dedicated themselves as religious to witness to the presence of Christ among men. We must press forward, strong in the faith, the joy, the hope of the Resurrection. We must believe that Christian hope can create change; then we must have sufficient love, Christ-like love to work for the changes which are required. Perhaps the best way to end this *Memo* is to quote from Corita Kent who has given us so much that is brave and generous and true in her art as in her words.

"We carry out what God started . . .
He took the whole messy bit
and worked with it as a man.
He was a miserable failure and a total success.
. . . Along the way we can be miserable failures — — —
Hopefully the parallel will carry through to the end
and we will be total successes in the long run.
This is our hope."

Acknowledgements

The two books quoted in this editorial are:

Living in Hope, by Ladislaus Boros, S.J., Herder and Herder, N.Y., 1970.

The Future as the Presence of Shared Hope, ed. Maryellen Muckenhirn, Sheed and Ward, N.Y., 1968.

All of the excerpts on hope in this issue were taken from *THE WAY*, October 1968, Vol. 8, No. 4.

The editor wishes to acknowledge also the helpfulness of the staff of the National Film Board, Still Division, Ottawa, from which all the pictures in this issue were obtained.



The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day . . .
. . . only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.
The blossom has not yet opened; only the wind is sighing by.
I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice;
only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road
before my house.
I live with the hope of meeting him, but this meeting is
not yet.

Thoughts of TAGORE

A time for living; a time for *hope*

*There must be lights burnin' brighter somewhere,
Gotta be birds flyin' higher in a sky more blue.
If I can dream of a better land where all my brothers
walk hand in hand,
Tell me why, oh why, oh why, can't my dreams come true?
Oh why?*

*There must be peace and understanding sometime,
Strong winds of promise that will blow away the doubt
and the fear.
If I can dream of a warmer sun where gold keeps shinin'
on everyone,
Tell me why, oh why, oh why won't that sun appear?*

*We're lost in a cloud with too much rain,
We're trapped in a world, a world with pain.
But as long as a man has the strength to see,
He can redeem his soul and his life.*

*Deep in my heart there's a tremblin'
Till I am sure that the answer's goin' to come somehow.
Out there in the dark there's a beckonin' candle
And while I can see, I can talk, I can stand, I can walk –
I can dream,
and my dreams can come true.*

As sung by Ed Ames on RCA record LSP – 4128

Faith and hope and love

WHERE IS THE CENTRE and the focus of the hope man ought to have this day?

Hope has a memory and a dream. It lives from the past and draws on the future for a present task and a work at hand: love. Hope remembers, and this is its faith: the eternity of God and the resurrection of Christ. As simple as that. But as Father David Stanley notices, New Testament memory is never nostalgic, never harking back to the good old days. The Church's hope is the risen Lord, present even as he strides ahead of us, and yet who is coming soon: *maranatha!* And this last is the dream of hope, its future: the Lord who is coming very soon. And this dream is as idealistic as the love of all the lovers who ever hoped to be one forever. But the dream of Christian hope is not sentimental. Rather it is brutally realistic, creating the future out of the past facts of a very certain faith. Christian hope is a phoenix born of a bloody death and an empty tomb eleven apostles died for. And yet they did not die for a death and an empty grave, but for a resurrected Christ.

And this leads on to love, love which is always of the present, engaged with the One who is, and who is here. Out of the memory and the dream which is its faith, hope structures the content and forges the *elan* of present love. Hope gives brilliance, and patience, and the heart for suffering. It gives to love love's other name: joy, the possession of hope's own expectations. Hope gives love the truth to be loved in faith.

JOSEPH P. WHALEN



*Hope gives . . . patience . . . It gives to
love love's other name: joy, the possession
of hope's own expectations.*



*What lies ahead is more than the disclosure of
what has already happened and is now secretly
present. All is not yet new . . .*

Hope and the future

WE KNOW GOD in the unfolding history of promise. Our hope for the future is possible precisely because of what has happened and has been received as divine promise. The past is remembered and transmitted as a promise of our future; recollection is a mode of hope.

God is known through his promises and their fulfillment as the faithful one. The secret of God is his fidelity. . . . God is the "God before us" with the "future as a constituent of his being".

What we should hope for is something truly new. . . . The future sets us free for what is truly new, for what has not yet been. In the history of Israel, we see how the future went far beyond a mere re-enactment and confirmation for this people of what God had already done and revealed. Eventually there came the resurrection of Christ, which was the beginning of the end both for the world and for all mankind. In this event, by which Christianity stands or falls, we recognize something which lacks any analogy from the past but which promises us our future in the coming lordship of Christ in the new creation. . . .

What lies ahead is more than the disclosure of what has already happened and is now secretly present. All is not yet new; it has not yet appeared what we shall be. Like the Israelites, we must grasp God's revelation in the context of our promised future.

GERALD O'COLLINS

Existence based on hope

THE NEW THEOLOGIANS OF HOPE take account of man as they find him in the world, with all his social, economic and political relationships. By accepting God's promise man commits himself to live in such a world an existence based on hope. The renunciation of the world indicated by St. Paul is not a mere flight from the world, but is expressive of a determination not to be conformed to the existing world, in so far as it is preoccupied with its own concerns and self-satisfaction. The Christian is estranged from the present world situation precisely because he hopes in that future world made known to him through God's promise. He seeks to change the world in expectation of the divine change. He finds present evil intolerable in the light of the future new creation. As a group, the Christian people should show their eschatological orientation in everything from which and for which they live. Engaged in the apostolate of hope for the world, they refuse to allow themselves to be assimilated to the present, inadequate society. They seek to transform public life, becoming the source of fresh impulses towards the realization of justice, freedom and a fully human life. To hope is not then simply to count on God for the future, but also to commit oneself to certain conduct in the light of that future. What is required is an attitude of creative expectation which sets about transforming the present state of affairs, because it is open to the universal future of God's kingdom. This approach to Christian conduct meets the criticism of Christian hope as it is so often preached and lived, *viz.*, as a quietistic trust which lacks the will to change and attempts no remedy for present misery.

GERALD O'COLLINS



What is required is an attitude of creative expectation which sets about transforming the present state of affairs, because it is open to the universal future of God's kingdom.



We have to realize that hope, and with it faith and love, never happens all at once. They are a growth. They move toward a deeper commitment of ourselves . . .

The risk of hope

CHRISTIAN HOPE is not some sort of instant canonization of human activity. Hope tells me that what I do matters, it does not say that it does not matter what I do. It says that every human activity can contribute to the building of the new man in the new world, but it does not say that therefore my choice of what I do is immaterial. My Christian hope is part of me; I am the one who hopes, whose activity must be a lived expression of that hope. I am making history here and now; and I cannot do that independently of all that I am and of all that is going on around me. The first expression of my hope has to be an intelligent choice of my sphere of activity. A choice which has to be based on my own abilities and the needs of the world. Hope demands that I choose an objective and commit myself to it fully. There can be no half-measures. Christian hope can only come to life in whole-heartedness. The diffident man, who keeps a bolt hole available just in case, denies the very hope he professes. Hope will always demand that a man leave everything, that he sell all that he has. It is an all or nothing business. This is its risk. There is no going back. Complete success or utter failure are the end products. . . .

But if the Christian is one who risks all that he is, what of the vast majority of us who stand dithering on the edge of diffidence, caught up with pseudo-commitments. We have to realize that hope, and with it faith and love, never happens all at once. They are a growth. We move towards a deeper commitment of ourselves. The initial choice has to be made and made wholeheartedly, but its working out will take a lifetime. We have to be ready to risk everything from the very start, and this readiness has to find expression in everything we do. But God does not demand everything all at once. We shall gradually find ourselves giving more and more, living more and more the totality of what we have chosen to wager. Christian hope will never be fulfilled this side of the grave. It will always be incomplete; and our awareness of this incompleteness can become the sign of hope. Not that waiting is purely passive. It includes an active alertness to what is happening and a constant readiness to meet the Lord in the most unexpected situations.

WILLIAM YEOMANS

The presence of God in time

IN "MAKING THE MOST OF THE PRESENT TIME" the Christian sees in the present moment the place where he hears the voice of God speaking to him: through persons and situations which he meets concretely in his ordinary living. He sees and hears God in the hurly-burly of the here and now . . . For the Christian filled with hope, time therefore is not hostile but friendly. It resounds with the Lord's familiar words: "It is I indeed".

The recognition of the presence of God in time is a gradual process in the life of the Christian. It is a sensitivity which deepens with faith and hope. It is the result of quiet prayer in which one tries to see reality as it is. One is tempted to think that the mother of the Lord herself grew in recognizing God's presence only throughout a period of time. The words of her response to God's messenger as given in the Lucan account of the annunciation were: "Let it be done to me as you have said". The evangelist depicts Mary here speaking perhaps the most exquisite words of selfless abandonment uttered by a human being. There is no doubt that the gospel writer intended to depict Mary offering her young life completely to the Father and whatever destiny He had in mind for her: "Let it happen to me as you have said". It is likely however that she did not then know what *it* was. She learned what it was in the events of the years that followed – in the birth of Jesus, in watching Him grow to manhood, in her experience of the crucifixion, in the joy of His resurrection, in her work as part of the early Church. According to Luke's story, Mary answered, "Let it happen", as a young girl. She let it happen gradually in time, in persons and events where she sensed the presence of God. And in time she experienced the rich significance of her initial response in the annunciation, as she later fully and actively responded to God in event after event during her Son's earthly existence. This was her way – somewhat as it was to later become a typical Christian way – of making "the most of the present time".

FRANCIS O'CONNOR



In "making the most of the present time" the Christian sees in the present moment the place where he hears the voice of God speaking to him . . . time, therefore is not hostile but friendly. It resounds with the Lord's familiar words: It is 'I indeed'".



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journeys toward the consummation of human
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in Christ, both those in the heavens and those
on the earth.*

The Christian's task

THE RESTORATION OF ALL THINGS in Christ to the Father is the task of the Christian. This is the direction he is asked to give to history; it is the transformation he is to offer the world. The invitation to the task is woven throughout the documents of Vatican II. The laity are asked to let the power of the gospel shine forth in their daily social and family life. They are not to hide their hope "in the depths of their hearts, but even in the framework of secular life let them express it". The Christian, through his earthly life and work in the spirit of the gospel, helps in the universal task of establishing the kingdom. This is the Church's – and the Christian's – task on earth. The task is being accomplished through the Church of today as "the sacrament of salvation, simultaneously manifesting and exercising the mystery of God's love for man". For the Christian strong in hope, the re-establishment of all things in Christ is guaranteed because "the Lord is the goal of human history, the focal point of the longing of history and of civilization, the centre of the human race, the joy of every heart, and the answer to all its yearnings". The Church of today, guided by His Spirit, journeys toward the consummation of human history when all things will be re-established in Christ, both those in the heavens and those on the earth.

FRANCIS O'CONNOR

The sign of hope

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH since the early days is a story of growth and growing pains, but also of life.

Today's moment of that history is no exception to the rest of the pattern. Through the gospel the Spirit brings growth to the Church and constantly (though slowly, at times) renews her.

The Christian is full of hope – and the Church is a sign of hope – not just because he knows blindly that everything will turn out well in the end. (It will, because the end is really Christ and everything will be returned in Him.) But in the meantime the new People of God of today face up to, but do not rest smugly with, their problems. Together they ponder the reasons why the Church is for some a sign of despair or irrelevance, rather than of hope. Why, they ask, do some of our people leave us? They search within themselves to see whether renewal is too slow. They are healthily embarrassed by the human weakness of some of their members, or by the ill-timed silence and ill-advised decisions by some of their leaders. Smugness cannot be the hallmark of a pilgrim people such as the Church. She faces the crises of her present history, and knows that if she reads the gospel of Christ in his Spirit, she remains faithful to herself and grows to completion. Her future then remains bright: “So the body grows until it has built itself up, in love”.

FRANCIS O'CONNOR



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The power of love

MAN IS A FRAGMENT and a riddle to himself. The more he experiences and knows the fact, the more he is really man. Paul experienced the breakdown of a system of life and thought which he believed to be a whole, a perfect truth without riddle or gaps. He then found himself buried under the pieces of his knowledge and his morals. But Paul never tried again to build up a new, comfortable house out of the pieces. He dwelt with the pieces. He realized always that fragments remain fragments, even if one attempts to reorganize them. The unity to which they belong lies beyond them; it is grasped through hope, but not face to face.

How could Paul endure life, as it lay in fragments? He endured it because the fragments bore a new meaning to him. The pictures in the mirror pointed to something new for him: they anticipated the perfect, the reality of love. Through the pieces of his knowledge and morality, love appeared to him. And the power of love transformed the tormenting riddles into symbols of truth, the tragic fragments into symbols of the whole.

PAUL TILLICH



*How could Paul endure life, as it lay in fragments?
... Through the pieces of his knowledge and
morality, love appeared to him. And the power
of love transformed the tormenting riddles into
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Letter from Brazil

Casa Nova, Bahia, Brazil

October 10, 1969:

We were keenly disappointed with the news that Sister Reansbury is not coming to visit us on her return from Rome. However, we can appreciate the expense involved. A visit later when we are more established and working in particular programs or fields might give the Community a better idea of what the S.O.S. could or should be doing here.

At the moment, we are travelling about, attending meetings, visiting families and generally becoming acquainted with the area, the people and the needs here. There is so very much to be done, that a person doesn't know where to begin . . .

We've started having weekly meetings of our team in Casa Nova but this is just a beginning and it will be some time before we function as a team. Last week, there were four of us for the meeting – Father Jim Davis, Brother Robert, Leona and myself. Today, there will be Fathers John Molnar, Jim Davis and myself. Leona is due home tonight at 6 p.m. I left her with a family in the interior Wednesday. So often the feeling is, "We just can't get together, all of us" but slowly we are trying to get the idea that the team must meet and those that are absent can be brought up to date when they return. Otherwise, we are working as individuals and it is hit and miss – no overall planning or organization.

Yesterday, for example, I attended three meetings – two in the morning and one in the afternoon; had the two CSSR's who are at home for dinner – and had to clean up myself and my clothes since I returned from the interior the night before. One could kill one's self working this way and accomplish nothing if it isn't done within the framework of overall development of the community.

We shall be going in to Juazeiro on Monday to shop – it's a month since I was in to get supplies. The time passes so quickly . . .

Love to yourself and all at the Motherhouse.

November 11, 1969:

One of the missionaries is on his way home to the States so we are taking this opportunity to send this letter in the hope that it will reach you for Christmas.

We have just returned from a most heart-warming weekend at Sento Sé which is across the river from us. We had heard of the poverty and backwardness of Sento Sé described in such sayings as, "The only place worse than Sento Sé is Sento Sé when it's raining". One of the inhabitants there told Bishop Murphy, "If any of us go to hell, we won't know the difference". We can now vouch for the heat of that statement! But our most lasting impression of the place is the wonderful reception they gave our group and the outstanding example of community cooperation.

In our previous letter, we told you about the Clube Duas Americas, a group of students who are poor, working together to raise the necessary funds for their education. They put on an excellent program here a week ago and then we took it to Sento Sé.

Thirty of us went by boat (a six-hour trip going up the Sao Francisco River) leaving here at 5 a.m. on Saturday morning. A picnic lunch was arranged near the river and about 50 enjoyed the beans and rice. Then, there was a dance Saturday night and just about the whole town turned out for that (it was free). The next day, we had two rehearsals; a *feita* in a private home which means more merrymaking; the program itself; a lunch in the mayor's house (about midnight) and dancing till 2 a.m. in the Social Centre. The lights usually go out at 10 p.m. but they didn't the two nights we were there! Monday morning, the ambulance siren sounded at 3:30 for our group to assemble for the ride to the river and our departure at 5 a.m. We arrived in Casa Nova at 8:30 aided by the current which carried us along. Both Casa Nova and Sento Sé are better communities today because of this "happening". The proceeds netted for the Club surpassed anything that anyone had anticipated so both sides of the river are proud and happy. Everyone worked together and contributed whatever they could to make this the community success it became.

These days we are travelling about more and more. When we are in Casa Nova, we continue our study of the language; visit families; attend meetings and participate in the local activities helping in any way we can.

The mail comes in about once a week and we really appreciate the letters we receive – thank you for keeping in touch with us. You are in our thoughts and prayers and we are sustained by your support, encouragement and prayers for us.

December 23, 1969:

The mail came in today bringing us Sister Burke's aerogramme dated November 27. On the outside a rubber-stamped message, "MISSENT TO GUYANA" explained the delay.

In the same mail, we received the enclosed two envelopes that had gone up to Toronto and back.

I am pecking away at this because I have my right arm in a cast. Last Friday – December 19 – I was going to a poor home to see about a sick baby. A big truck came roaring around the corner with umpteen dogs tearing about the truck. One of the dogs came running behind me, bumped into me, and knocked me down on my right arm. It is broken at the wrist and I'll be wearing this cast till the beginning of February.

Leona is preparing the turkey and other things for our Christmas dinner. We'll be having the CSSR's and a Peace Corps Volunteer. Dinner will be at 7 p.m. Christmas Day in the hope that the two padres out in the interior will get back in time, and we'll all have dinner together.

Bishop Murphy sent us a nice card and a cheque for 250 cruzeiros (about 60 American dollars).

This will have to do for now. My love to all of you and thank you for keeping in touch – we do love to hear from you.

Sister Leona Trautman

Sister Lydia Tyszko

SOS-o-gramme . . .

from here and there

Toronto:

On November 19th Sisters MacNeil and Reansbury left by Air Canada for Rome. We were to transfer to Alitalia lines in Montreal. Although we left Toronto on time, there was an air strike in Rome which resulted in our overseas flight being held up for nine hours. This seems to be a common occurrence in Europe – twenty-four hour strikes. At 3:30 a.m. we left Montreal bound for Rome. The flight was without incident, with every comfort provided. We slept much of the way after being served a lunch. About one hour before arriving we had breakfast, but by this time it was 3:30 p.m. in Rome. To us it did not matter what they called the meal, we were glad to eat.

Our accommodation while in Rome was at the Domus Mariae, where the meeting of the International Union of Superiors General was held. Many of the Sisters stayed here as all the meetings were held in the auditorium of this building. A chapel, the size of many of our churches was also in the building. We had no reason to go outside, at least for the necessities.

Our meeting lasted four full days and they were full. Breakfast at 7:30 a.m. with the meeting beginning at 8:15 a.m. We met all day, with Mass at 6:00 p.m. and supper at 7:30 p.m. Most evenings we had films with discussion, so you can see that they were full days. The underlying theme of the whole conference was to know and understand the essentials of religious life. Many of the externals of our life are externals and not necessary for religious life.

Five hundred and fifty religious from all over the world attended this meeting; of this group, one hundred and ninety-six were French-speaking, while two hundred and twenty-four were English-speaking. There was simultaneous translation into four languages: English, French, Spanish and Italian. We were all deeply grateful

for the talks given and for the discussions which followed.

On Saturday, November 22nd we were favoured with an audience with our Holy Father in the Clementine Chapel. As there were so many of us the majority did not get close to His Holiness but we were all very pleased.

After the close of the meeting on November 24th we started out to do some sightseeing. There are many things to see in Rome so we had to be choosy as our time was limited. The Colosseum was one of the remarkable places as we realized so many martyrs had gone to their deaths on this spot. Another outstanding event was on the morning when the English-speaking Canadian Sisters went to the Gesu for Mass. Father John Swain offered Mass for us in the room where St. Ignatius died.

After Rome we visited Naples, the ruins of Pompeii which is really something to see as each year more excavations are taking place; Sorrento, then up to Assisi the home of St. Francis; to Florence with its art treasures (and they are worth seeing), on to Paris and London. We saw so much that it is hard to describe and impossible to convey what it is really like.

Our only wish is that some day you will have this opportunity.

MARY REANSBURY, S.O.S.

Faust, Alberta:

Greetings from me and my twenty-two sparkling, dark-eyed, high-spirited, independent, mind-made-up, go-getter Grade Ones! After that, I should say Amen and close this note!

However, to do so would be to disregard the opportunity to let you see Faust as I see it after almost four months here. To settle on some facts, first, Faust is poor; Faust is little children often ill-fed and improperly clothed, people caught in

that poverty cycle similar to the inner-city except that air pollution is absent. We have the cool breezes from the lake gently rocking the evergreens surrounding the little settlement which extends along the water front.

Faust is distrustful and then warmheartedly accepting. At first it was "Why are you here?" and now, "We like you because you trust us" and "You're getting cuter every day!" (Fathom anyone saying *that* to me – but one child did!) Faust is people with hearts – often breaking – trying to find an escape.

Now that you know where my sympathies lie and that I'm inextricably caught in the puzzle of problems and joys that is called Faust, let me tell you a little about my concerns in the area and for the area, three in number:

a) Although I am teaching Grade One, it is not a traditional one. I have five, six and seven year olds. We have the lowest entrance age in the province. This has implications for teaching methods, materials, expectations for children's behavior, etc. When the disadvantaged child is placed in this situation, the wide variety of everything is increased. A program for five year olds, preceded by a systematic search for information about the what and how, must be written.

b) A program must be worked out for extra-curricular junior high work which might eventually destroy some of the myths developed through the years. (Myths have no religious connotation here). There is a possibility that we have hit on one program – Sing Out Faust – now becoming a swinging group with a cast of over twenty with a philosophy of concern for others. The program also involves adults on an advisory board.

c) A movement must begin to develop an economic base for the area. I learned in Africa that you can't teach an ideology to someone who doesn't know where his next banana is coming from. You can't give an idea of self-worth to a person in Faust until he is able to get his next meal either . . .

Fish is filleted in Faust and sold to a

firm in Edmonton for five cents a pound. The firm deepfreezes it, covers it with plastic and sells it for seventy-eight cents a pound. You see why a co-op is needed and also a credit union?

There are people here who are brilliant and creative and have a dedication to upgrade conditions here. There are difficulties and the big one at the moment seems to be money. I wish I could encourage about 300 people to give one dollar a month (skip two packs of cigarettes or a half-dozen glasses in the local pub!) to help the work get off the ground!

To make this letter complete, you really *should* play Silent Night as you read it aloud (Simon and Garfunkle style) and as I say "Dear Lord, when are people going to let You come to Faust?"

MARY PHILLIPS, S.O.S.

Faust, No. 2:

Our trailer is 12 ft. wide and about 54 ft. long, cheery and warm enough to date. We are located just outside the fence at the back of the school. Sister can come in for lunch. On two sides of the big school clearing we can see dark, tall Jack pines with a few small houses at its edge. On the fourth side we can see between the houses and trees to the cold, blue waters of Lesser Slave Lake. Faust is right in the middle of its southern shore line, about 185 miles north and east of Edmonton.

Sister Phillips is quite frequently away overnight on business and I stay alone, but I don't mind it too much. I take Sister's class when she is off (two days this week).

The priest comes for his three meals a day when I am teaching. I am afraid he had some hungry days before we came. When we are away he can come in and help himself to food if no one invites him for a meal.

About 80 per cent of the people are Metis of different degrees and most of them are very poor. The priest and Sister and others are trying to start things rolling for this poor part of the country. Money is needed to make things go.

Sisters, please keep us in your prayers and if a chance comes to put something in

the way of Fr. A. Lamothe, please do so.
God love you all.

AGNES BLACK, S.O.S.

Antigonish:

My Christmas letter comes from yet a new place. (I am thinking of joining the Irish Rovers.) I like St. F.X. very much. I am busy from the time I leave my room at 7:30 a.m. until I return about 7:30 p.m., but so far I have not stayed up working until way into the morning hours, which is all to the good. I live with the C.N.D. Sisters at Mount St. Bernard College. Since I have my room in one building, my meals in another, lectures in a third, office in a fourth and the Post Office in a fifth, I spend quite some time in daily walking. It certainly get me out in the fresh air whether I like it or not. Hopefully, it is good for my health. I make time for some night life such as concerts, plays, lectures and movies on campus. So far the most enjoyable have been the Canadian Opera Company, the RCMP Band and a lecture on Mahatma Ghandi.

One of my classes (Liturgy) is just ideal. The students are third and fourth year; they are interested, serious, good workers, well able to organize their own "happenings" and ready and lively in seminars. Undoubtedly, the best class I have had since my first in Richmond. The other two classes are freshmen and few of them reach the ideal standard. Naturally, straight theology is not exactly their "thing". They are more interested in open housing. Nevertheless, all my courses are optional, students come to them of their own free will.

It was nice seeing Sister MacMillan and hearing news of Rycroft. It is good to have a "friend in court" also, and her sister, Florence, is just that to me. The registrar is a cousin of Sister Alice Walsh, among the C.N.D. are relatives of Sister Burke and Sister Mary MacDougal, a Scarboro Father was a next door neighbor to Sister Ready on *the Island*, and the Head of the Department of Theology is an old friend of my Ottawa days – so I am doing all right.

ROSEMARIE HUDON, S.O.S.

Onoway, Alberta:

We, in Onoway, feel even a deeper union with our Sisters now that we too belong to an Oblate parish. Father William Doherty, O.M.I., officially took over our parish this morning. We have had several priests since Father J. Williamson started into University, so it will be nice for the parish to have a permanent priest. We are delighted, too! Our first Christmas present!

Our last religious instruction before Christmas took place yesterday. After a catechetical survey, it was decided that instructions would be held once a month from 10:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m. For the past three months we have been doing this, and we have concluded that this situation works out much better for students, parents and teachers. We are no longer competing with hockey games and other such things. It is much more conducive to building up a community spirit. We use the community skating rink for noon hour recreation.

Yesterday's instruction closed with a Penance Celebration as a preparation for the Feast of the Nativity. Miss Angela Parker from England, who takes the Grade 4's was responsible for the Liturgy. The Epistles were read by her children, another four acted out the Gospel, six of them carried the gifts to the altar, these gifts included a pair of skates and a book that the class had compiled.

Three of our teachers, one from the elementary and two from the high school give their time to work with the teenagers. It was to be a once-a-month affair beginning with a coffee session, folk mass practice, then Mass followed by a meal and discussion. The evening takes place twice a month now.

Our last Christmas event was the school children's carol singing on the last day of school. Colleen played the piano, and Bernice did the conducting. In this small village even our limited talents are used to great advantage. We are known to the whole community as "Our Sisters".

BERNICE ANSTETT, S.O.S. and
COLLEEN YOUNG, S.O.S.

Dear Friends of the Sisters of Service and The Field at Home

A few weeks ago we took a very cursory look at the financial position of our magazine. Over a four month period THE FIELD AT HOME cost us *ten times* as much as it brought in.

We have never expected the magazine to *make* money; we've never really expected to break even, but . . .

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THE FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME XLVI, NUMBER 2 / SPRING 1970

What makes the desert
beautiful . . . is that
somewhere it hides a
well. . . .

The house, the stars,
the desert —
what gives them their
beauty is something
that is invisible.

Antoine de Saint Exupery

THE FIELD AT HOME

VOL. XLVI, No. 2

SPRING 1970

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MEMO . . .

from the editor's desk

Our New Mother House

WHEN THE EDITOR entered the Sisters of Service nobody was thinking of a new Mother House, though even then it was needed. At that time the country was in the throes of the Great Depression. Some of our teaching sisters were on relief as were the people among whom they worked. The sisters in residences for young girls were struggling valiantly with houses full of non-working but hungry young people. The sisters in religious correspondence schools were living on produce given them by the farmers whose children they taught by mail. The lessons went out through the generosity of Catholic Church Extension Society, the late Senator Frank O'Connor, the late Archbishop Monaghan of Regina and the late Bishop Murray of Saskatoon. Only two or three houses provided a silver lining to a very dark cloud. We who were in the novitiate at that time knew exactly where the Community stood; we knew what we would have to do without and not a soul murmured.

Then came the war which brought the depression, finally, to an end. The economy of the country improved and so did the economy of the S.O.S. Gradually debts were paid; badly needed repairs made and, in a few cases, houses were enlarged.

At last, almost twenty years ago, we began to talk about a new Mother House. A Mother House in which the Administration could administer, students could study, people could work or recuperate or rest without getting all tangled up, at every turn, in other people.

But many years were to elapse between the first talking about and the realization of our Mother House. Money had to be saved and worked for in our various professions before it could be saved. It had to be wisely invested. Property had to be purchased. And what a job that was!

When the editor came to Toronto in 1954 the search for a suitable property was at its height. I wonder how many hours were spent, how many miles travelled, how much shoe leather worn out in the search for a property. Then a good friend spotted a place on Bayview Avenue in Willowdale. It was a beautiful wooded property with a cottage which resembled the house-that-Jack-built. We bought it.

Some of us will always have a warm spot for that Bayview Avenue property and the tiny cottage. It was like being out of the world and it was the first time

that the Toronto S.O.S. had anything like a summer place. There was electric light but no other utilities. And there was a great deal of fun in and around the cottage.

Vatican II made all religious congregations think seriously of their buildings and locations. We S.O.S. asked ourselves if Bayview Avenue North was the place for Sisters of Service. The answer was no.

By this time, in 1966, we had an Advisory Board at the Mother House. These generous and devoted men and one woman began anew the wearying search for property. Toronto zoning laws do not make it easy for religious to buy in other than completely commercial districts. But the day came, and what a day it was, when the property on Montcrest Boulevard, in the heart of Toronto and overlooking the Don Valley Parkway, was discovered, and after a few difficulties, bought.

The property is in the heart of Toronto but, with the Don Valley at its feet, will never have anything in front of it. What we lack in grounds is made up for by a 180-degree view of Toronto. The back of the building has a small lawn and is completely quiet. The front has the view, and exuberant life below it. There are tennis courts, playgrounds and a swimming pool, and, in the winter, a skating rink. All these belong to the City of Toronto, of course, not to the S.O.S.

We won't say anything about the house itself here. The following pages will show it in pictures. We can say what the Sisters on the Administration hope the house will be.

They hope the house will be **HOME** to every Sister of Service in Canada. They hope it will become a place where gaps, generation and others, will be bridged. They hope it will be a home in which the sisters will have the freedom, the space, the opportunity to live as befits their human dignity and needs, and their rights and obligations as religious. This hope, to be fulfilled, requires mutual respect, tolerance and understanding. Will the hope be realized? That will depend on each individual living in the Mother House. But, without wishing to appear boastful, Sisters of Service have a wonderful way of coming through, of living up to challenges. We have confidence.

To the members of our Advisory Board, to the Architect and the Contractor who worked under the tremendous difficulties caused by strikes – and, to be quite truthful – some difficulties caused by us, we offer our sincere gratitude. And to the Catholic Women's League for their generous and continuing contributions – coast to coast. It is so easy to write, but how can we express properly what we so deeply feel. God has been so generous to the Sisters of Service that we believe He will generously bless those who have so willingly given their time and abilities to make this Mother House dream a reality.

Ecclesiastical superiors are not often mentioned in the pages of the **FIELD AT HOME**. But the Archbishop of Toronto is the ecclesiastical superior of the Sisters of Service. God has blessed us with three remarkable Archbishops in our short history: Archbishop Neil McNeil, Cardinal McGuigan and Archbishop Pocock. We are grateful for these three great Churchmen, for their giving the S.O.S. the freedom they needed to develop a new kind of religious life in Canada. We are especially grateful to Archbishop Pocock for the confidence he has placed in Community decisions including the rather ambitious decision, for us, to build this Mother House.

S.O.S. Mother House

10 Montcrest Boulevard

Toronto 279, Ontario

*Sisters Viola Mossey and
Marian Haut in the foreground.
We did not want an "institutional"
look – the architect gave us an
already mellowed home.*





A happy Sister Mary Reansbury, Sister General, in her new office. A grateful community congratulates her on the completion of what had been "twenty years a-growing."

Mr. G. M. Parke, Chairman of the Mother House Advisory Board. Feminism or no feminism, it is unbearable to think of having to buy, build, etc., without Mr. Parke and his fellow Board members.



The First Floor . . .

AN EDITOR'S LIFE is a hard one. This editor's is at any rate, especially when she is in Ottawa and Mr. Roy Orlando, our architect, who could describe architecture intelligently, is in Toronto. So this may not be very intelligent but – 'tis my best effort.

You enter 10 Montcrest through a small and attractive foyer. From the foyer the first floor hallway is shaped rather like a cross. At the extreme end of the cross you see the altar which is the centre of the oval-shaped chapel. At the left of the top of the cross is the dining room and behind it the kitchen. A few steps brings the visitor to the cross-bar which is wider than the long hallway. Opening off this cross-bar on both sides you have the elevator, doors to two stairwells, a small reception room, the superior's office and a staff sitting room.

Returning to the centre hallway the visitor continues toward the chapel, passing, on the right, a guest suite with bedroom, sitting room and bath, and the sacristy. On the left there is the confessional, a small office for the chaplain or sacristan and, immediately outside the chapel door, the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

The cross-bar mentioned extends down on the left and opens up into an alcove on the right. Thus the doors leading off from it are not just a succession of doors. In fact, the cross-bar is a beautiful section of the first floor.



The Chapel . . .

THE PICTURE ON THE FACING PAGE shows Archbishop Pocock on April 3rd when he blessed the Mother House and dedicated the chapel to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. To the Archbishop's left is Father Joseph James, C.Ss.R., chaplain of the Mother House. On the right, Father Edward Dowling, S.J., chaplain of the Novitiate. The sisters seen are, from left to right: Sisters Haut, Zink, Burke, Nachtegaele, Chartrand, MacNeil, Lunney and Mossey; Mr. Parke, and Sister Fitzmaurice, who was Chairman of the Building Committee.

The chapel is oval-shaped and finished entirely in wood. The ceiling arches to a narrow deep-blue glass skylight. The long, narrow windows are amber. The carpet and upholstery on the kneelers and seats are a deep red. As can be seen in the picture there is indirect lighting in the ceiling. The fixtures are smoked glass and are fitted with a dimmer which allows brightness control. The chapel is air-conditioned.

The chapel appointments, altar, tabernacle, sanctuary lamp, et cetera, had not yet been installed when the picture was taken. But the organ, behind Father Dowling, is from the chapel of our old Ottawa house.

The overall impression is of peace and prayerfulness. One visitor said, on completing a tour of the house, "May I go back to the chapel? It is so utterly peaceful."

The Administration entertains . . .

On April 2nd Monsignor J. A. O'Mara, a member of the Advisory Board, celebrated the first Mass in the new chapel. Following the Mass the S.O.S. Administration entertained their guests at dinner.



In this picture, which shows the dining room, from left to right, back row: Mr. John Drohan, Board member; Sister Mary Fitzmaurice, Chairman, Building Committee; Mrs. Orlando; Mr. Roy Orlando, Architect; Sister Mary MacDougall, S.O.S. Administration; Monsignor O'Mara; Mrs. John Drohan; Sister Mary Reansbury, Sister General; Mr. G. M. Parke, Board Chairman; Mrs. G. M. Parke; Sister Ella Zink, S.O.S. Administration.

Front row, left to right: Sister Patricia Burke, S.O.S. Administration; Sister Florence MacNeil, General Procurator; Mrs. A. Lang; Mr. A. Longo, Contractor; Mrs. Wilfred Healey, whose husband is a Board member; Mrs. Longo; Miss Mary Frances Mangan, Board member; Mr. A. Lang, Board member; Sister Nora Fitzpatrick, S.O.S. Administration.

The dining room, like the chapel, is finished in wood. The rug is the same gold wall-to-wall carpeting as covers the entire first floor. The drapes are gold and white. The chairs are in shades of gold and green. Arborite in a black marble finish covers the built-in buffets. Cupboards for dishes, as well as pass-throughs for food and dishes have louvered doors. The cupboards are also accessible from the kitchen.



Archbishop Pocock and Mr. Francis Haxby's portrait of Father George Daly, C.S.S.R., Co-founder of the Sisters of Service. The portrait hangs in the right-hand section of the cross-bar mentioned on page 5. The chair behind the Archbishop is one of three antique chancel chairs, bearing the date 1652, donated to the Mother House by Mr. M. P. and the late Mrs. Fennell of Montreal. All three chairs are in this cross-bar section of the first floor.



The kitchen is a model of modernity without being institutional. The stove and two large domestic refrigerators are in avocado green. To the right of the sinks there is an avocado wall oven. To the right, on another wall, a door leading to the back entrance, the store room and the room for garbage disposal. The cupboards on the left of the picture may be reached from both the dining room and kitchen. On the side toward which Sister Nachtegaele (second from left) is facing there are two more sinks, a dishwasher, drawers and more cupboards. In the picture Sisters Lunney, Nachtegaele and Morrison prepare for refreshments following the blessing of the house and dedication of the chapel by Archbishop Pocock.



Sister Reansbury, Father James and Mr. Parke. They are standing in front of the grandfather clock which was given to the Sisters of Service in 1923 by the late Mr. William Daly of Montreal, brother of our Father George Daly. The clock is in the cross-bar section of the first floor. The finish matches that of the chancel chairs mentioned earlier.



Sister Eva Chartrand and Sister Ann Johnson chat in the first-floor reception room. The chesterfield and both tables were the gift of the late Miss Vincenzina Liotti. The chair in the foreground is "Father Daly's chair" from his office in the Wellesley Place Mother House. The drapes and the lamp are the only new things in the room. The colour scheme is soft green and gold.

The Second Floor . . .

THE SECOND FLOOR is divided by two main rooms. A living room, as yet unfurnished, opens onto the balcony shown on the preceeding page. Across the hall from the living room is the library which is a real joy. We have always had books and books but nowhere to properly house them. In the capable hands of Sister Morrison the library is now scientifically taking shape.

On the west side of these two rooms there are offices for the General Administration: Sister General, the Assistant General, the Procurator General and the Secretary. There is even an office for the FIELD AT HOME's editor! The offices are not large but each is planned for the purpose to which it will be put. The Procurator and Secretary have ample counter and cupboard space, for instance. The only bedroom in this end of second floor is Sister General's adjacent to her office.

The west end of this floor is all bedrooms. The bedrooms are not large but each has its own sink and built-in drawers, shelves and clothes closet.

In the living room there are louvered folding doors which open up an alcove containing a mini-frig, a two-burner electric plate, a sink and cupboards with dishes and the requirements for a snack.

Supply cupboards, linen cupboards, utility cupboards are in full supply on this as on the other floors. These, too, are a joy for people who lived so long without all of these things. Future generations of S.O.S. will never know or need the ingenuity which was required at No. 2 Wellesley Place to keep things out of sight. They will never know either that ingenuity in household affairs can give a great deal of pleasure. I am more than grateful for the new, but I'm also grateful that I knew the old.



This is a part of the view from the balcony on the second floor. In the background, left, is the Riverdale Hospital. The Don Valley Parkway is seen in the centre of the picture. By looking right from the balcony one gets a view of the entire downtown Toronto skyline which resembles fairyland at night.



The library and all of the second floor is carpeted in teal blue. The wall panelling and shelves have a warm, inviting appearance. In the left foreground there is a corner showing of the librarian's counter-space of black marble finish Arborite. The rocking chair was given to the Mother House by the late Mrs. Faye, mother of our deceased Sister Irene Faye. In the picture from left to right: Mr. A. Longo, Mr. Orlando, and Board members Miss Mary Frances Mangan, Mr. Drohan, Monsignor O'Mara, Mr. Lang and Mr. Parke. Miss Mangan ably represented women on the Board. The statue behind Mr. Parke's head is from the newel post of the front staircase of the old Mother House.

The Third Floor . . .

THE THIRD FLOOR, though the layout is the same, has a different appearance than the first and second. The carpeting is in lighter and softer flecks of rose and green. The drapes in the bedrooms are soft shades, not pastels but muted greens and rose. Neither the walls nor the drapes are the same in all the rooms. Some rooms on this floor have their own bathrooms. There is a unit which may be used as an infirmary if necessary. The unit consists of three rooms: two bedrooms connecting with a combination nurse's station, pharmacy, diet kitchen, etc.

The core of this third floor is the beautiful living room with open fireplace. It, too, has all that is necessary for preparing a snack or light meal behind louvered folding doors.

An added feature on the third floor is a small laundry room with a floor-heated drying closet.

The bedrooms are not large but they are adequate and attractive. Furnishings were not complete when the house was officially opened. Though each room has its own built-in drawers and closet, the choice of other furnishings was being left, as much as possible, to the individual sister.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the whole house is its quietness. The poor old stairs and floors at Wellesley Place screamed blue murder each time a foot was placed on them. In the new Mother House there is quiet. Stairs, elevator, doors, everything functions smoothly and noiselessly. Yet, because of our location, it is not a dead quietness; there is the unending stream of life and activity with its suggestion of noise and clamor, just in front of us.

It would seem that as Sisters of Service we may say, "It is good for us to be here."



The third floor living room is the heart of that floor. Its stone fireplace is actually a fireplace. Behind the sisters on the right there is the same snack-bar as on second floor. Unseen in the picture are the windows, with a southern – front – exposure, the TV and small rooms opening on either side of the room proper. These smaller rooms are designed for reading or listening or writing apart from but still with the group. In the picture from left to right: Sisters Leona Rose, Cassie Moriarity, Frances Coffey, Hilda Lunney, Florence MacNeil, Mary Fitzmaurice, Anne O'Connor, Viola Mossey, Ann Johnson, Marilyn MacDonald, Sylvia Nachtegaele and Helen Hayes.



Sister Florence Regan is shown enjoying a moment of relaxation in her room. Bedrooms are not large but are attractive, with built-in drawers and closets.

The Rest of the House . . .

PICTURES GIVE A LIMITED VIEW of anything, even when they are as well taken as the ones in this issue. There are so many details that cannot be seen. But for many of our readers, particularly our sisters, there will be the joy of further discovery when they eventually visit the Mother House.

There is still much to do. We need more furniture and many pictures. We have always been rich in books, as a Community, but not in pictures. Some things are the better for being done slowly – buying pictures is one such thing.

There is the whole, wonderful ground floor of which we have no pictures. The furnace or boiler room really catches the eye dressed up in pale blue paint, with various instruction sheets for various operations all beautifully framed and hanging on the wall. It is quite awesome, though I suspect it was the colour and cleanliness rather than the equipment which drew great ohs and ahs from the ladies.

A large work room houses the Addressograph, Graphotype, and Gestetner. In the same work room, behind louvered doors, there are gathered the filing cabinets which were spread through several offices on Wellesley Place. Cupboards, counter-space, work table and desk complete the work room.

The hobby room – which is also a work room – has an abundance of drawers, counter-space, shelves and free space. The idea behind this room was to give people a place where they could work without having to put everything away each time they stopped working.

In addition to the above there are the laundry, trunk room, and storerooms on the ground floor. It has its own back and front entrance, the latter by a ramp running alongside the ramp into the two-car garage. But the *pièce de résistance* is the rumpus room.

Even in its unfurnished state the rumpus room is delightful. The parquet floor and the brick fireplace with the firebox well above floor level are most attractive. Here again there is the snack bar behind louvered doors. The rumpus room looks like a room to be enjoyed – we hope it will be.

So we have come to the end of this visit to the new Mother House. We hope it will be a home of peace and happiness and the deep joy which those united to the Father in and through Jesus should experience.

In a sense we Sisters of Service have entered into a new era. Most of the physical ties with the past are gone. Can we hold on to the spiritual ties, cherishing them for the background and support they give us, as we walk forward into an uncertain future? This, I suppose, is the challenge of the 1970's.

SOS-o-gramme . . .

from here and there

Regina:

The winter weather was milder than usual as we set off on a week's tour of the diocese. Minton, Lanigan and Forget were the specific areas headed for. What was our project? The National Office of Religious Education is updating Correspondence lessons, adapting them from the New Canadian Catechism. This year I am co-ordinating a pilot program with Grade One pupils in Saskatchewan, Alberta and B.C. After four months of communicating by mail, I thought it would be helpful to meet some of the families involved. A questionnaire on the lessons had been prepared, and this needed a bit of discussing. It is known that questionnaires can be useless if people are not encouraged to write down their ideas. Most people seem to underestimate their opinions when it comes to putting them on paper.

It was a long car ride to Lanigan, a wee spot on the map 120 miles north of Regina. The people were prepared for our coming the day before by Mrs. M. McEachern who had phoned the families concerned to arrange a convenient time for our visit. While in the district, we made a fleeting visit to the school where Anita* taught last year, and were greeted with a buzz of excited children. We spent a merry hour during which I got to know the little faces I had hitherto known only by name. Each family we visited greeted us warmly. They helped me to understand the inside story of religion being taught in

the home. The *Come to the Father* course contains new approaches which require explanation. It is often difficult to do such things as achieve the right atmosphere, encourage the child to pray spontaneously, bring doctrine down to his level, etc. Often parents are doing the job very well, but don't feel confident because they don't consider themselves teachers. If they aren't, who is?

Father deKievit's rectory was our abode for the night. We surely enjoyed your organ concert, Father!

Day Three. Now we are at Minton. The area around Minton (about the same distance from Regina, only south) is the most picturesque place you would want to see, with its snow-covered hills in the winter sunshine, changing colors as the day lengthens. In spite of slippery roads, we made our way around to the various families with our eyes glued to the speedometer like radar, for there are no distinctive landmarks, and when you are told to go six miles south, five miles west and one mile north, you really depend upon the mileage gauge. While in Minton we made the acquaintance of Mrs. Melle. She and her daughter, Mrs. Moir, made us feel right away that the hundreds of miles were worth travelling. They helped us to orient ourselves before we set out to visit the families. Father R. Frey wasn't at home, but he allowed us to use his rectory for the two nights we were there.

Even though many homes had been visited by this time, the pleasure of meeting a new family never wore off. We met

* Sister Anita Hartmann

many little people, and as you can imagine, came back with delightful memories of amusing incidents and conversations. Now when I correct my lessons, these memories add color to the names on the papers.

Anita, who came with me, is not involved directly in the Correspondence work, but she shared the experience with interest. Anita had taught the *Come To The Father* in the regular classroom situation, so her point of view was an asset. She was constantly on the alert to notice how home-teaching compared with classroom-teaching. One of the things she noted is that when the teaching is handled through the correspondence system, there is sure to be parent involvement. That is an integral part of the program by its nature. On the other hand, celebrations and music would be more easily handled if the children were together. With more encouragement, it is hoped that these aspects of the program will be accommodated on the parish level.

I was impressed with the sincerity and the faith of the people I met. I found them very concerned about the religious education of their children. I gained insight into the personal ways our faith is spread. No matter what kind of lessons are used, the parent still has an individual way of reaching his child. For the child, the parent is his greatest link with God. The parent is the one whose attitudes impress him most. When these are Christian, growth in the Faith is natural.

Forget was the last stop on the journey. Here we had a meeting with about twelve parents together, and this afforded a different kind of experience. We found these parents eager to hear more about the new Catechism, and ready to share their views.

The Church has its roots in the good family living which we glimpsed on our travels. In these families, we would sense the strength and love of Christ.

PATRICIA FLYNN, S.O.S.

Oneway, Alberta:

In the "good old days" when Kelly and I entered and squirmed beneath those stiff

collars and cuffs – besides other things we used to make cards. Anyone remember those home-made cards? Well, we had a symbol for our lives – we were the two turtle-doves offered for the boy child of Mary and Joseph on the Feast of the Purification. May I quote a piece of poetry that was "not planned, but just happened"!

Dear Silver Dove:

*With silvered hair
And zip that's slower
Than it were
When you and I began this run
We never guessed all we'd have done:
The cooking, cleaning
teaching, playing
gabbing, gobbling – good and bad.
Well, twenty-five has now sped past
Would you believe's could go so fast?
Now what else is for
doing,
being, Lord?
Let's spend all we've got –
who cares to hoard.*

The Other Dove

When Kelly* was still in the West, we used to sit and plan a Jubilee trip – a camping, canoe trip along the Mighty Peace. So here we are in little corners far apart. That's life!

We had a beautiful day here! Imagine His Grace Archbishop Jordan, O.M.I., for Mass. The Eucharistic Celebration, planned by Colleen was a delight. There was congregational singing; members of the Parish Council did the readings, made the Intentions, and brought up the gifts – which included a large bouquet for under the altar and a corsage for myself. On each side of the altar, and at the feet of Our Lady, were red roses – "25" from the Anstetts.

The Church which needed to be redone, was completely remodelled in three weeks – with men working day and night. I myself, had lent a hand at many odd moments during this face-lifting. The dead-

* Sister Florence Kelly who celebrated her Silver Jubilee in Halifax on February 2, 1970, while Sister Anstett celebrated in Oneway.

line for the completion was the Jubilee. I thought it was to make use of volunteer labor during the cold weather! So, I wasn't really aware of all that was going on behind my back. Even the bell rope was rehung so it could be rung!

Sister Reansbury, who was in the West, was here. Also, in spite of very bad roads, Sisters Barton, Graf and Dulaska from Rycroft; Sisters Schaffhauser, Tunney and Halder from Edson; Sisters Wayland, Knechtel, Morgan and Gillespie from Edmonton. Also two Sisters from our neighboring town, Stony Plain, Sisters Barbara Rice and Geraldine Kelly, Ursulines.

The Mass meal was followed by another meal for all the parishioners at the Community Hall. This meal was completely planned by the members of the Parish. This too was a surprise. Yet another surprise was to follow: an "open house" for friends and acquaintances not members of our parish.

This Community planned celebration of my Jubilee brought me a great deal of joy – but nothing can compare with the happiness that hearing from the Sisters brought to me. I am happy to be a member of the Sisters of Service; and as Colleen and I opened each letter or parcel my happiness grew and my cup was filled to overflowing. Thank you very much for all your remembrances – Masses, prayers and gifts – they helped me realize that as a religious I have "something to look back on and something to look forward to" –

Praise God, from whom all blessing flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Amen.

Affectionately,

BERNICE ANSTETT, S.O.S.

Camp Morton, Manitoba:

Our pastor, Father Hoeks, has been having severe heart attacks and has been confined to bed now for a couple of weeks. He is making a recovery and we hope to have him back again soon.

Last Sunday, March 8, Sister Renaud

was invested publicly and officially as the Pastor's Assistant. The Air Base Chaplain, Father Savoie, conducted the "Investiture" ceremony after the Gospel of the Mass. Sister Renaud had already been appointed to give Holy Communion in our own Chapel to our Sisters and others. Also she had been assigned the service of conducting the Friday evening devotions during Lent and distributing Holy Communion to the members of the congregation. She drives out to farm homes every day to bring Holy Communion to very sick people.

Edson, Alberta:

Sister Mary Halder, who is a public health nurse for the Alberta Government's Human Resources Development Authority, recently received a citation from the St. John Ambulance Association for the contribution she has made to the Association. The picture shows Sister Halder receiving the citation from Mr. Ross Henry, Area Manager for St. John Ambulance.



Sister Mary Halder and Mr. Ross Henry, Area Manager for St. John Ambulance

Two Albertans were among the 14 Canadian educators chosen last month as recipients of the first annual Hilroy Fellowship awards.

F. G. Bookman of Edmonton and Sister Mary E. Phillips of Faust, Alberta, received \$800 and \$1,100 respectively to support innovative practices in their classrooms.

Sister Mary Phillips, who teaches Grade I Metis children at the public school in Faust, is concerned because a majority of native children seem to leave school at an early age. This is partly because of an inability to relate values and life styles of native homes to the values and life patterns commonly demanded by the schools and other institutions of Canadian society.

One aspect of the problem is that children do not learn from their parents a standard of English acceptable in outside communities. In an attempt to alleviate the situation, Sister Phillips has developed a language program for Indian and Metis students in which videotape equipment is used to tape several children on field trips to farms, stores or offices in the surrounding area, or even further afield, such as a trip to Edmonton – a city which most of the children have never seen although it is only about 150 miles away.

When the videotape is viewed by the class, the children who “acted” in the tape take leadership and responsibility for the language activities which follow. “Motivation can be supplied over and above what is possible in a situation in which pictures without local children are shown,” Sister Phillips says.

Much of what the child actors will relate to the class will require all the students to use a more standardized English than the local idiom because the local variety does not include all the concepts or vocabulary needed to express the action on the

videotapes, particularly in the case of a trip to Edmonton. Each child in the class will have an opportunity to participate in the videotaping.

Of her project, Sister Phillips says, “Children with language deficiency require concrete experiences and yet it is difficult to give these to class groups frequently. The videotape technique would require those who go on field trips to use language and other means of communication to help the understanding of those who did not go. This motivates to a high degree and this responsibility for communication constitutes what is different in this research.”

Much of her Fellowship money will be used to rent a videotape recorder and to purchase a programmed vocabulary guide.

Alberta teachers submitted 37 applications for the Hilroy awards, many of which included detailed project proposals.

The fellowships, established by Toronto stationery manufacturer Roy C. Hill, are administered by the Canadian Teachers’ Federation and the various provincial teacher organizations. Purpose of the awards is to encourage and reward teachers, who in the course of active teaching are developing promising new ideas for the improvement of teaching practices.

Four of the winners this year have developed projects aimed at helping remedial or economically and socially disadvantaged students. Three of the 12 awards made outside Alberta dealt with aspects of film education, including film making.

Because the Hilroy fund was not established until mid-1969, only about \$20,000 had accrued from investment profits for this year’s awards. It is expected that the return on the investment will enable the funding of two to three times as many fellowships in 1971.

RAY LA FLEUR



Letter from Brazil

Dear Sisters:

A big occasion for us was the Catechetical Course at Casa Nova for all the Catequistas in the Municipio, January 5 to 14. The course was made possible by a grant from the *Canadian Catholic Conference*. There were many applications received but on January 5 the number went down to 110. The course was given in the school across the street which had the facilities for so large a crowd. The catequistas from the interior (about 70) were billeted with families in town who were paid for this. There was a staff of seven: Father John Molner, C.Ss.R., and Father James Davis, C.Ss.R., who gave the courses in Doctrine; Brother Robert, C.Ss.R., co-ordinator and Bursar; two ladies, Gildete dos Passos and Maria Laurita dos Passors, Orientadoras of Catechetics, who gave the course in Religious Pedagogy; Irma Lydia who worked with the leaders in Group Dynamics and looked after health needs; and Irma Leona who gave the Audio Visual Aid course. The doctrine was based on the Lesson Plans used by the catequistas and the Religious Pedagogy and Visual Aids followed the same theme. There was a question period and also a visit by Bishop Murphy of Juazeiro during the week, and four model lessons were taught to a group of children by the catechists. For us, this was a great experience in the use of the Portuguese language, and the strenuous ten days of concentrated study and work was an even greater experience, educationally, for the catequistas, most of whom were professoras also in the municipal schools.

In recognition of the great services rendered by these catequistas in the municipio over the past years, the Fathers arranged a trip for 65 of those who had served longest. Two buses took the girls and five staff members 365 miles to Salvador for three days, January 15, 16 and 17. At noon the buses stopped at the convent of

the Sacramentinas in Bom Fim for feijoada, a meal of beans, pork, rice and farinha, prepared for the group by the Sisters and Staff.

In the state capital the group was lodged at the Franciscan Retreat House. By bus on Friday the group toured the city in the a.m. and went shopping in the p.m. Saturday the buses took the group to the beach for a couple of hours. After lunch they toured another section of Salvador and the famous Church of Bom Fim in particular, because Sunday was the big festa of the Church. For blocks around it the streets were lined with booths filled with varieties of wares for sale but chiefly food and drinks for Saturday night and Sunday. After dinner at the Retreat House and farewells the buses arrived and by 9.30 p.m. left Salvador for the trip home, arriving in Casa Nova at 7.30 a.m. Sunday. All were a bit tired but happy and enthusiastic about all they had seen and done. They sang a song of thanks and happy holidays to the staff, to the bus drivers and for the *Canadian Catholic Conference* in particular. Through their donation these girls were able to receive so much to better themselves personally, and through them better the life of their own communities.

March 24, 1970:

Easter Greetings and big news. We received your Christmas parcel yesterday. The contents were grand and much appreciated.

Lydia was back to Fortaleza and had her cast changed for a fourth (Ed. note they are certainly generous with plaster!) and stays on for six weeks when she hopes that is the end. Her wrist ought to be fine by then. Her fingers are mobile and that is a good sign. She types with her left hand; she is in good spirits and is active in many ways.

Irma (Sister) Leona Trautman

We have moved . . .

**WE ASK OUR READERS TO NOTE
OUR NEW ADDRESS**

The Sisters of Service have moved to a new Mother House.

The new address of the Mother House and of
THE FIELD AT HOME is:

10 Montcrest Boulevard
Toronto 279, Ontario

Please address all communications to the above address.

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THE FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME XLVI, NUMBER 3 / SUMMER 1970

“... the good time is now,
magnificent, apocalyptic,
on God’s scale: a time of
struggle . . . a time for
decision . . . in which there
is no place for the
lukewarm and the coward.”

General Vanier

THE FIELD AT HOME

VOL. XLVI, No. 3 SUMMER 1970

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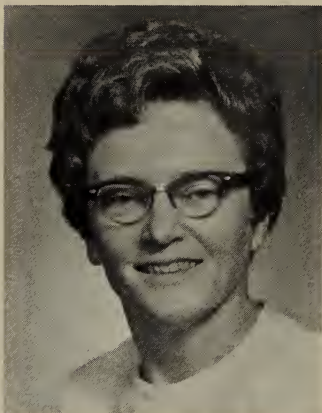
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SISTER PATRICIA BURKE
Sister General of the Sisters of Service

Sister Burke was born in Newfoundland, and educated in St. John's; the University of Saskatchewan and the Maritime School of Social Work. Before her election to the Administration of the Sisters of Service as Assistant General four years ago, Sister Burke did social work in Saskatoon. Sister Burke is the first Sister General to have been elected by the entire membership of the Sisters of Service through balloting by mail before the recently convened General Chapter of the Institute.

Central Administration of The Sisters of Service



SISTER HELEN HAYES
Assistant General
Williams Lake, B.C.



SISTER MARGARET DENIS
Councillor
Detroit, Michigan



SISTER FLORENCE KELLY
Councillor
Chepstow, Ontario



SISTER MARY ROBERTS
Councillor
Toronto, Ontario

We offer our sincere congratulations to the newly-elected and appointed members of the S.O.S. Central Administration.

MEMO . . . from the editor's desk

THE THEME OF THIS summer issue of THE FIELD AT HOME is *maturity*. We do not propose to give our readers a definitive treatise on maturity. Rather we would like to give you thoughts and excerpts which may lead you into further readings or even research in the subject.

Maturity implies many things: freedom, responsibility, self-acceptance and the acceptance of others. Jesus and his Mother were beautifully mature persons. If we are truly Christian with true Christian involvement in our world, we must endeavour constantly to become more and more mature. The measure of our success in bringing Christ to the world will be the measure of our maturity. As Bernard Cooke wrote:

"If I am going to bring Christianity to the world I must be careful that it is Christianity that I am bringing and not a mixture of genuine Christianity and my misunderstanding of it. We must understand:

what God has said

what God is doing

what is the mystery of the Church.

The patterns of faith

the patterns of life.

This is where reading, thinking, discussing, prayer are an absolute necessity."

It is extremely easy to bring our own misunderstanding of Christianity to our work, our prayer, our daily living. Nor need this be a cause for panic. If Christianity was capable of being understood all at once, or in one period of life, it would hardly be the dynamic religion for all times, all seasons that it is. Because it is universally applicable, because it is for all men of all times, we who are followers of Christ must work toward that maturity which will keep us always young. To quote Bernard Cooke once more:

"There's no need for a personality to grow old. The thing is not to remain adolescent but to work toward maturity, to appraise life honestly and with experience, not naively but critically and at the same time keep this openness, this willingness to face reality, this interest in life, and not grow old. The Church faces that and the Christian element in the Church – that is to say, Christ in the Church and the Spirit of something eternally new. The whole thrust is toward the future – and that's what typifies youth."

But, in our thrust toward the future we might ponder Peter Maurin's words: "The future will be different, if we make the present different."

Sisters of Service

The articles by s.o.s. will, we hope, give you some idea of the challenging work being done by Sisters of Service at home and abroad. The Letter from Brazil and the short article on Faust, Alberta bring us up to date on the activities of our sisters in such widely separated places as Latin America and Northern Alberta. The article on a National Project for Indian and Metis Religious Education is another instance of a Sister of Service attempting to meet a new challenge in an area of serious concern.

Coming to Maturity

... COMING TO MATURITY is a process of self-realization. If I may press the beautiful ambiguity of the verb, "to realize" means both "to become aware" and "to make real." Maturity or self-realization means that I become aware of the unique, irreplaceable potentialities of my existence for actualizing them. Self-realization is a painful, gradual process marked by many reversals, defeats and disappointments. Since what I was meant to be is different from what anyone else was meant to be, no formula, maxim, generalization, or dogma can distinguish for me between the real and the apparently real. Within all the circumstances which condition my existence, I must stumble along my path, discovering and actualizing the real "I".

Since . . . this real "I" lives in a world of other "I's," a world made up of the institutions, values, traditions, beliefs, feelings, ideas, pains, fears, and aspirations of many selves seeking realization, my quest for self-realization cannot ignore them. For this complex of interlaced relationships forms the world in which I realize myself. My coming to maturity is a development *between* the real "I" *and* other selves *and* the complex situation in which "we" – the real "I" and the other real "I's" – find ourselves. A man cannot come to maturity by shunning the duty to live responsibly with other men. Nor can a man evade the obligation to discover his distinctive selfhood by submerging it in his interpersonal responsibilities.

Every life has its rhythms. There is a time for involvement and a time for solitude. There is a time for the "I" to go out into the world to encompass and devour the new. There is a time for returning to the lonely quiet of self-examination. The quest for the yet untried, unknown and unimaginable is what distinguishes man from all other beings. But it is the retreat to self-searching, self-criticism, and reflection which turns his individuality into humanity.

from *The Promise of Buber*
by LOWELL STREIKER



Every life has its rhythms. There is a time for involvement and a time for solitude. There is a time for the "I" to go out into the world to encompass and devour the new. There is a time for returning to the lonely quiet of self-examination.

The Criteria of Maturity

THE CRITERIA OF MATURITY should be . . . objective, drawn from a defensible theory of the nature of human personality . . . the attributes of a mature personality are three in number. First, a variety of psychogenic interests is required which concern themselves with ideal objects and values beyond the range of viserogenic desire. Unless one escapes the level of immediate biological impulse, one's life is manifestly dwarfed and infantile. A second attribute is the ability to objectify oneself, to be reflective and insightful about one's own life. The individual with insight sees himself as others see him, and at certain moments glimpses himself in a kind of cosmic perspective. A developed sense of humor is an aspect of this second attribute. Finally, a mature personality always has some unifying philosophy of life, although not necessarily religious in type, nor articulated in words, nor entirely complete. But without the direction and coherence supplied by some dominant integrative pattern any life seems fragmented and aimless.

These three attributes of maturity are not selected in an arbitrary manner. They are chosen because they represent the three primary avenues of development that are open to any human being in the course of his growth: the avenue of widening interests (the expanding self), the avenue of detachment and insight (self-objectification), and the avenue of integration (self-unification). I doubt that any scientifically supported criteria of maturity would differ substantially from these three.

from *The Individual and His Religion*

by GORDON W. ALLPORT



A criteria of maturity is the avenue of widening interest which goes far beyond one's own biological needs and self-interest.

Childhood and Maturity

JESUS SEEMS TO PLACE a premium upon childlikeness. St. Paul implies the necessity of maturity. The superficial contradiction of these two emphases, which St. Paul resolves in his admonition, "Be not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men," points to a profound and perennial problem of human life. Maturity is both good and evil. It is both life and death.

Maturity is life. The mature man understands his world and himself better than the child. His reason grasps the relation of things to each other in their causal sequences. His judgment is capable of significant choices. His memory, social and individual, appropriates the experiences and achievements of the past. His imagination anticipates the future. The child-man, unable to understand the relation of things to each other, ascribes an ultimate source to every natural event, thus peopling his world with spirits, monsters, gods, devils and other mysterious potencies. Maturer understanding discerns the regularities of natural processes and learns to interpret the world in terms of dependable causation rather than mysterious caprice. Childhood cannot see beyond its time and place. Maturity extends the range of its knowledge to larger areas of life and experience. Maturity is thus the fulfilment of the promise of creation. It represents a larger life than childhood.

Maturity is death. The human body begins slowly to die, shortly after it has reached its full growth at twenty-five years or thereabouts . . . Fortunately the mind continues to develop in a decaying body. But even the spiritual capacities of man may decay with age. Maturity may mean atrophy of the imagination, loss of the unity and serenity of childhood, degeneration from sincerity to deviousness, from expectancy and eagerness to cynicism and disillusionment.

Since maturity may mean death as well as life, it is obvious that something of the genius of childhood must be retained and recaptured as we grow into maturity . . . Perhaps the difference between childishness and childlikeness is that the latter recaptures rather than retains the simplicities of childhood . . . a profound religion makes demands which defy the counsels of sophisticated modernity, intent upon intellectual maturity alone and blind to the price which it has paid for its sophistication.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR
in *Beyond Tragedy*



Something of the genius of childhood must be retained and recaptured as we grow into maturity . . . perhaps the difference between childishness and childlikeness is that the latter recaptures rather than retains the simplicities of childhood.

The Problem of Maturity

THE PROBLEM OF MATURITY is not only to achieve unity amidst complexity of impulses but to overcome the particular conflict between the *is* and the *ought* of life, between the ideal possibilities to which freedom encourages man and the drive of egoism, which reason sharpens rather than assuages. The rational freedom with which man is endowed represents an ideal possibility of harmonising the forces of nature. But this ideal possibility is not released. Reason disintegrates nature's harmonies without being able to reconstruct a pure harmony upon a higher level. Therefore man is estranged from himself and discovers that there is a law in his members which wars against the law that is in his mind.

Since this conflict in man is never completely resolved maturity means the loss not only of childlike innocence and unity but of childlike sincerity. A child does not pretend to be other than it is. It centres its life in itself and does not claim to do otherwise. Gradually the larger world is disclosed to the maturing mind. This world suggests a community of values greater than the self, which it ought to serve; but it also reveals a multitude of forces and an abundance of life which can be brought into the service of the self.

Thus the simple egocentricity of the child grows into egoism. The self that has been only the centre of the self tries to make itself the centre of its world. The self is obviously too petty to undertake such an enterprise with complete self-assurance. It knows its existence to be justified only as it finds its subordinate place in a total scheme of life greater than itself. But this knowledge is unable to overcome the drive of egoism. Hence the self is tempted to hide its desire to dominate the world behind its pretended devotion to the world . . . Adult character is forced by its own inner contradictions to pretend to be something which it is not.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR
in *Beyond Tragedy*



One problem of maturity may be the loss not only of childlike innocence and unity but of childlike sincerity. A child does not pretend to be other than what he is. It centres its life on itself and does not pretend to do otherwise . . . but the simple egocentricity of the child can grow into egoism.

The Mature Christian

IT IS IN SITUATIONS of basic choice, of temptation, that one most manifests the presence or absence of maturity. When we look at the Christ of the New Testament, one of the things that is most striking about him is the way in which he is always completely in command at the great moments of choice. Whether confronted by Satan in the desert, or assailed by the scribes and pharisees as he preaches in the temple, or facing Pilate on Good Friday, there is never a time when Jesus is not the master of himself as well as of the situation. At the moment of greatest decision, during his agony in the garden, Christ reasserts the choice that has governed each action of his life: "Not my will, but thine, be done" (Lk. 22:42).

A mature Christian is one who has reflected upon the values that he wishes to guide his life. He is conscious of the goals toward which he works, and has chosen to live according to these goals and values. When temptation occurs, he is not stampeded into a course of action by fear or desire or anger. No man can predict all the judgments he will have to make, but a mature person possesses those elements of understanding and motivation that will be effective in times of critical judgment. It is clear that he must constantly develop these elements through reflection, reading and prayer . . . It is the mark of a person that no one except himself can ultimately decide for him what is his destiny . . .

The moment of temptation demands something all too rarely found, a courageous and honest appraisal of self in the face of a concrete situation. Some people strive to overreach their gifts and powers by striving for unattainable objectives. Others are more gifted but fearful about exploiting their gifts, because they lack the hope that is needed for achievement or are unwilling to encounter the difficulties that will ensue; they try to ignore their capabilities and settle for a lifetime of mediocrity. One must love deeply and possess mature honesty in order to evaluate objectively both oneself and the circumstances in which one is situated. Finished and perfect Christian adulthood is not easily achieved.

BERNARD COOKE



The mature Christian must constantly develop . . . through reflection, reading, prayer . . . It is the mark of a person that no one except himself can ultimately decide for him what is his destiny . . . Finished and perfect Christian adulthood is not easily achieved.

Faith and Maturity

Can faith really do anything about giving us a sense of security? It can.

We know that there is a faithful God, and this is the key to his relationship to us. No matter what we have been and what we are now, and even though we have no claim on him, no right to expect his love and his fidelity, God is faithful. He has insisted on that fact. Even when our own family does not give us the acceptance and security we need, even when our health is not good and our future and job insecure, we can still know that there is a being, a person of infinite power and infinite and unquestioned fidelity, who has an interest in us.

In God the Father, in Christ, and in the Holy Spirit we have a foundation for our security.

Obviously faith gives us a sense of belonging. Why? We belong to Christ! This is what happens when we are baptized. That action is being possessed by Christ as his own. If we accept Christ, he accepts us; and we belong not just to him but to the whole community of people who in the Christian faith share with us this acceptance of Christ. In church and at home we can pray and talk with our fellow Christians, knowing that because we are Christians we have a place where we belong. We can constantly come back to these people with a sense of coming home to them. Faith gives us this.

Faith also confers a third gift. It fosters hope. It not only gives me a deepened sense of security because God is faithful and a sense of belonging with my fellow Christians because I am a Christian; it gives me a whole new basis for hope. This has always been at the very heart of the Christian message . . . You can have hope because death has been overcome. Christ himself has overcome it. . . . The Resurrection of Christ is the foundation for our Christian hope – and not just because he died and rose again, but because the risen Lord lives right now. . . . In his risen life, right now, Christ exists not for his own sake; he lives for you and me. This fact is our absolute guarantee that we as human beings will be fulfilled. . . .

All of us want to be genuine and complete persons. In order to be such we must achieve personal maturity. Faith helps us achieve maturity because it gives us real understanding of life, honesty, love, and self-identity. Finally we also need freedom. And again faith comes into the picture. Faith with its vision of life and its love frees us and leads us to true Christian happiness.

BERNARD COOKE

Who am I?

Who am I? They often tell me
I would step from my cell's confinement
calmly, cheerfully, firmly,
like a squire from his country house.

Who am I? They often tell me
I would talk to my warders
freely and friendly and clearly,
as though it were mine to command.

Who am I? They also tell me
I would bear the days of misfortune
equably, smilingly, proudly,
like one accustomed to win.

Am I then really all that which other men tell of?

Or am I only what I know of myself,
restless and longing and sick, like a bird in a cage,
struggling for breath, as though hands were compressing my throat
yearning for colours, for flowers, for the voices of birds,
thirsting for words of kindness, for neighbourliness,
tossing in expectation of great events,
powerlessly trembling for friends at an infinite distance,
weary and empty at praying, at thinking, at making,
faint, and ready to say farewell to it all?

Who am I? This or the other?

Am I one person today and tomorrow another?

Am I both at once? A hypocrite before others,
and before myself a contemptibly woebegone weakling?

Or is something within me still like a beaten army,
fleeing in some disorder from victory already achieved?

Who am I? They mock me, these lonely questions of mine.

Whoever I am, thou knowest, O God, I am thine.

DIETRICH BONHOEFFER

National Project for the Religious Education of the Indian and Metis People

Background

On April 29-30, 1969 the Directors of Offices of Religious Education of Western Canada held their semi-annual meeting. The problem of the religious education of the Indian and Metis was discussed at great length. The Winnipeg Office of Religious Education volunteered the services of Sister Margaret Denis, S.O.S. to make a study of the situation with key people and to propose a national project for the approval of the National Office of Religious Education – a project involving both research and practical action in this area.

From the beginning, Indian and Metis people were involved in the planning of the Project.

Basic Principles

The following basic principles have influenced the course of the Project:

1. Religious Education is to be considered in its broadest possible sense, including the total pastoral life of the community – liturgy, homily, pastoral concerns, informal and formal pre-catechesis, and formal catechesis.
2. Adults must be given priority in any religious education programme.
3. An adaptation of the Canadian Catechism was considered to be neither opportune, feasible nor desirable for the present.
4. Any sound attempt at a solution to this problem necessitates careful study over

an extended period of time. Such a study would involve

Gathering the facts
Dialoguing the facts
Acting on the facts

5. In order to avoid further perpetuation of "white-man's imperialism", however well-intentioned, any programme should come from the Indian People themselves.



Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Nepinak from Camperville, Manitoba, were two of the participants at the Otterburne Workshop.

Otterburne Workshop

The Oblate Fathers of Manitoba and Mr. Paul Bruyere, Indian Catechist from Kenora, organized a two week live-in "Workshop on Living" at Otterburne, Manitoba from November 10-21, 1969 for Indian People.

Thirty-two Indian People were present from eleven different reserves and/or locations. The Social Animation technique was used; no previous agenda was established. On the first day, the participants decided to study the human being and problems encountered from an infant in the mother's womb, to childhood, adolescence, adulthood and death.

The animator of the sessions wrote the various opinions expressed on the chalkboard; an Indian girl took notes and later transferred them to large pieces of cardboard which were posted around the room and down the hall. This technique was especially effective and the participants were often seen re-reading these charts.

At the end of the session the Indian people organized themselves by district in order to continue such workshops in their own area among the people of their own communities.

Outline of Project

PHASE I: GATHERING THE FACTS
(Sept. '69 - May '71)

A. Workshops - Group Encounter

Purpose: To listen to the opinions of the Indian-Metis peoples regarding the religious dimension of their lives.

Method: The methodology will be oriented toward Action Research: The social animation technique of workshops (patterned after the Otterburne Workshop) has proven to be an effective method of gathering information. Not only does this method provide greater results than a survey, but it also benefits the Indian-Metis people directly by involving them in an educational experience. A workshop provides an open-ended situation in which the Indian-Metis people can discuss their problems with one another.



Mr. and Mrs. Billy Heavy Runner of the Blood Reserve in Cardston, Alberta. The beaded bag on Mrs. Heavy Runner's arm was designed and made by her. It pictures the heads of her two favourite horses.

Location: Subject to the approval of local people involved, the following general areas were suggested for workshops:

Northern Manitoba
Southern Saskatchewan
Northern Alberta
Southern Alberta
North West Territories
Northern British Columbia
Victoria - Vancouver Region

Participants: Each workshop to be limited to approximately 30 persons. Ideally, four people should attend from one location in order to bring the fruit of the workshop back to their community.

If possible, a participant from a workshop in one area would attend a workshop in another area to provide continuity.

Animator: The principal animator should be an Indian person. Working with the Indian animator will be a white man, who is trusted and accepted by the Indian people.

Three participants at the Otterburne Workshop enjoy a game of pinochle. The lady in centre seems to be enjoying a private joke.



The Winnipeg Co-ordinator, Sister Denis, will attend all these workshops.

Technique: The social animation technique. Participants will decide what aspects of life and Christian living they wish to discuss. A secretary will take note of the discussion.

Time: If possible, the workshop should be a 2 week live-in, where the participants can live, eat, discuss, and worship together.

Gathering Information: After the workshop, the two animators (Indian and White) and the Winnipeg Co-ordinator will discuss the results and make out the report.

Result: Hopefully, the workshop experience will motivate the participants to conduct similar workshops in their local communities. If so, the same techniques will be followed. Information received will be sent to the Co-ordinator who will not attend these local workshops.

B. Field Work – Individual Encounter

Purpose: To discover and compile documentation on the various methods now being used in the religious education of the Indian-Metis.

Method: The Co-ordinator of the Project, Sister Denis, will travel through the various regions of West and North-west Canada to personally visit and talk with the key Indian People in these communities and with the personnel directly in-

volved in religious education in order to compile the results of their work.

PHASE II – DIALOGUING THE FACTS (by the Fall of 1971)

Purpose: To bridge the gap between Indian-Metis peoples and their religious educators by:

- examining the results of the research gathered from Phase I.
- dialoguing on the basic issues involved. To educate the educators in the areas of:
 - Indian-Metis anthropology and sociology.
 - Cultural approaches to the Christian Message.

To provide an opportunity for practical



Indian women of the Dogrib Tribe at Fort Rae, N.W.T., carry their 'babies on their backs.



The station wagon in which Sister Denis was travelling is crossing the stark and lonely Mackenzie River which provides an ice road.

action regarding development and/or implementation of a religious education programme for the Indian-Metis people.

Method: By holding a National Seminar of key Indian-Metis people (encountered through the Workshops in Phase I) and the professional religious educators. Such a seminar could involve as many as one hundred people. The material for this seminar will be the results of the workshops and field work.

PHASE III — ACTING ON THE FACTS (1971-)

This third phase will develop out of the above two. Many possibilities suggest themselves, i.e., a printed programme, an adult education programme, teacher training programme, etc. The final decision will be left to the Indian people.

A certain number of those attending the Seminar (Phase II) will be prepared to commit themselves to a practical solution. The direction of such solutions will be indicated by the research material gathered, and the Project will involve the Indian himself in working out his own methodology of presenting his religious values.

From Paper to People

It is one thing to outline a project on paper; it is quite another to experience its

workings in people and events. During the past winter I had the opportunity to visit far-flung communities of Indian people in Western Canada. From Winnipeg I headed for the Blood Reserve, Cardston, Alberta, then the Vancouver-Victoria region; Edmonton, Fort Smith, Hay River, Fort Providence, Fort Rae, Yellowknife — all in the North West Territories; and finally the Grouard-Peace River Region in Alberta. In such a short space of time — two weeks and two days it was overpowering to assimilate the varied experiences. Every mode of transportation was used from the Air Canada Jet to the eskimo dog sled, from the latest model station wagon to an indomitable and undefeatable Jeep.

Weather-wise there were new experiences: going from rose-filled Vancouver (in February) to 30 below zero N.W.T. where it was so cold the shutter on the camera froze . . . driving across the frozen Mackenzie River on an ice road . . . viewing the spectacular display of Northern lights — a different show each night . . . and in general, letting the stark beauty of the frozen North capture your whole being.

Culture-wise there were new experiences: As I visited the 'new' Toronto this summer — the Toronto of Yorkville, of "Hair", of the avant garde, I seemed to be projected forward into the next century. And then I remembered some of the tiny communities visited in the North West Territories: a town of 400 people with two cars, where the standard mode of transportation is dog sled in winter and canoe in summer; another town with Indian mothers carrying their babies on their backs; places where the immediate concern was subsistence and survival against the elements. These two cultures — indeed these two civilizations — exist within the boundaries of the same country.

And on the deep personal level there were new experiences: the experience of death and being present when a young Indian mother was handed a little parcel — the dead body of her four-month-old second child who died of flu in the hos-



Sister Denis, on extreme left, with three Grey Sisters of Montreal. The sisters are standing in front of a snow sculpture of three dancing Eskimos. The sculpture is a reproduction of the symbol of the Northwest Territories; it signifies unity and brotherhood. The picture was taken in Yellowknife, N.W.T.

pital. I shall never forget her face which revealed an exquisite combination of grief beyond words and deep resignation. And there were the human experiences of joy: to share in the wholesome pride of Indian women showing their beadwork and telling the story of each article. Mrs. Josephine Heavy Runner did a picture of her two favorite horses in beads for a purse which measured about 10 inches square. It's very hard to express in dry words the real fun of sharing in a party with Indian people – playing cards with the women, joining in the square dancing, applauding the gifted ones who did solo dances.

A common concern among all was a genuine search for God. Sometimes we make the mistake of thinking that someone is not concerned about God if they cannot talk about him or if they do not use the words and phrases we use to talk about him. The Indian people I met have deep religious sense, and in many respects are more contemplative and less analytical than the white man. We white men talk about personalism – it's the "In" thing to do. The Indian lives personalism and has done so for centuries. The great respect

and concern for one another was very evident among these people.

And so, when I use the words "National Project for the Religious Education of the Indian and Metis People", I'm not thinking of people in a vacuum, but uppermost in my mind are individuals like Eva and Louis Frank in Vancouver; Pat EagleChild, Billy and Josephine Heavy Runner on the Blood Reserve; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Nepinak, Camperville, Manitoba; Paul Bruyere, Kenora, Ontario and many, many others. It is through people like these that the future of the faith of the Indian People rests – and the future looks good.

It would not be fair to close these musings without at least a word about the Oblate Fathers in Western Canada. Indeed, another article would have to be written to describe the tremendously self-sacrificing work of these men. Without each and every one, this Project just wouldn't have gotten off the ground. Father Omer Robidoux, O.M.I., now Bishop of Churchill, has guided this Project from the very beginning. Oblates, I love you; you're a real inspiration.

Letter from Brazil

Dear Sisters, Family and Friends,

Today we are celebrating the first anniversary of our arrival in Casa Nova. And all of you are in our thoughts today because without you who have made it possible we would not be here.

How do we feel on the completion of our first year in Brazil? Well, in some respects we feel that we are just beginning. In other respects we feel as if we have been here many years. When the mail comes in (mail ranges from one to three weeks between deliveries), it seems as if you have just dropped into visit and to share your news. When there are long intervals without mail, we feel that you are very far away indeed. We really cannot complain because many have been very faithful. Several Sisters write each month and this is greatly appreciated.

Since our last letter to you in January we have continued visiting families, our work with the students' cooperative club, the catechists, and the Mothers' club. Leona was elected by the Mothers to be their "Orientator" and she is doing a wonderful job of directing their activities. With the help of the Executive and resource people in the community, she arranged a program for the year which provides for with a weekly meeting during which the members learn a variety of handcrafts. They also receive religious and health instruction.

Recently the Club sponsored a campaign to clothe the poor. Leona, with some club members, went from door to door begging for new material to make clothes, or for discarded clothing. Everything collected was prepared for distribution to people most in need. Leona also visited Father Victor Crean's parish (about 100 miles away) where she met with the Mothers' Club and instructed them in handcrafts.

While there she visited the junior and senior classes to give an art lesson. Naturally she had taken her puppet, Peter Sakes, along with her to the intense de-

light of the children who had never in their lives seen a dancing puppet.

Lydia has been appointed Coordinator of Catechetics for the Municipio of Casa Nova. Many rural areas have no school, teacher or catechist. But there are girls in some of these places who have volunteered for training in order to teach religion. This will be the beginning of an educational program in these abandoned places.

We already have a team of four trained catechists in Casa Nova. The team had its first experience on June 13th. We traveled to Algodao (which translated means cotton) about thirty miles from here. While Father Jim Davis heard confessions, we prepared the altar and taught the people the hymns and responses for Mass.

After Mass we met with the local girls who had volunteered for training. Their schooling consists of from three to five years, three hours a day, eight months a year, so they are quite limited academic-

ally and our training must be geared to their level. One of our catechists gave very basic Pedagogy; another taught how to prepare and teach a lesson; the third described and demonstrated the use of visual aids and games in teaching; and the fourth gave a model lesson to the children in the area.

We shared a picnic lunch with the volunteers – each of us from Casa Nova had brought food for two – then we had another session to show the volunteers what to do at their weekly meetings for lesson preparation. With the model lesson and the one we helped them prepare, they have two lessons to start with. The third and fourth they are to prepare themselves. These we will evaluate when we return in a month's time to continue their training.

In Brazil one has to adjust to the almost total lack of privacy. No matter what is going on a crowd gathers. Everyone wants to see and hear what is going on. Everyone includes cats, dogs, pigs and hens, all of whom wanted to share our lunch.



Twice daily, morning and evening, women and girls carry water to their homes. This picture was taken at 5 p.m. at Lagoa de Alegre (Happy Lake) in Father Victor Crean's parish.



Father John Molnar, C.Ss.R., with a parishioner and the latter's two sons, examines a flowering plant called "bom dia" which means "good-day." There is a red plant called "good afternoon" and a purple one called "good night." The plants grow in the dry white sand shown in the picture.

Supposedly this is our rainy season but there has been no rain and the countryside has dried out. Despite the poverty, hunger and suffering in this part of the country, nothing daunts the interest and enthusiasm of Brazilians in soccer. These days the World Championships are being played in Mexico and all of Brazil comes to a halt when "our" team is playing. Here in Casa Nova we don't have television but every radio in town is on the street each with a group of people huddled around listening intently. When Brazil scores, there are shouts of joy and firecrackers go off to notify everyone within hearing distance. Brazil will go wild on Sunday when the game with Italy is over because, of course, we expect to win!

About the time that North Americans start their summer vacation, the schools here close for the winter vacation. Weatherwise, it is a little cooler with a bit more wind morning and evening, but

during the day the heat is about equal to the July heat back home. Fortunately neither of us minds the heat too much; in fact we are wondering if we will ever re-acclimatize to a Canadian winter.

We want to thank the many who have sent donations to our Brazil fund in Toronto. Sister D. Morrison, our efficient chargé d'affaires notifies us of all gifts received which she deposits in Toronto and we can draw on here. Her last letter notified us that the s.o.s. Auxiliary in Toronto had disbanded since the Girls' Residence was closed, and had generously donated their bank balance to our Brazil Fund. God bless them.

On that happy note we would like to end this letter sending you our love and best wishes. May God bless each and every one of you.

LEONA TRAUTMAN, S.O.S.

LYDIA TYSZKO, S.O.S.

Faust 'Shining Out'

SINCE WRITING TO YOU last spring, things are happening in Faust, Alberta, that can best be described by the popular song –

If you see your brother standing by
the road
with a heavy load from the seeds he
sowed,

If you see your sister falling by the way
just stop and say "you're going the
wrong way",

You've got to try a little kindness, just
show a little kindness

Just shining out for everyone to see . . .

We've got youth with a hope in their hearts, we've got mothers with a light in their eyes and dads with a smile on their lips. A community spirit is beginning to draw people together. The Co-op is on its feet again, jobs are to be had. The Faust Action Council is working to open a community centre where mothers can bring very small children to spend part of the day in an enriched environment. Some materials for this are being made from

locally cut birch, other materials must be purchased. Money is still a problem but the Five Hundred Dollars, collected from a Walkathon by the *Up With People* youth group in town, is of assistance in sending three Faust ladies out for a short course on "Creating a suitable environment for young children".

A thrift shop is being opened to support the venture so any clothes and household articles are welcome. We are hoping to get into the coin laundry and drive-in (coffee etc.) businesses as well.

The community centre itself will be built by the local people. Besides being used during the day by small children, we expect that basic cooking and sewing classes will be carried on by the Metis Association and that its doors will be open to one and all for gabfests, music, hobbies and games, all to the tune of a crackling fire place and to the perking coffee pot. Won't you drop in?

Peace, brother, with lots of love on top!



*Faust youngsters
on a berry-picking
expedition.*

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Write to:

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MACDONALD  DOWNIE LIMITED

THE FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME XLVI, NUMBER 4 / ~~WINTER 1971~~

FALL 1970

Take Time

“... to seek God and,
it might be, to touch
and find him ...”

Acts 17:27

THE FIELD AT HOME

VOL. XLVI, No. 4 WINTER 1971

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Take Time

**“ . . . to seek God and, it might be,
touch and find him . . . ”**

LIFE IN OUR WORLD today is increasingly becoming one of ceaseless activity and frantic rushing about. We get caught up in the onrush of life's movement and hardly ever find time to reflect, to re-create; to get to know ourselves or meet another. Very often this running about wildly gives us the impression that we are “alive”, “useful”. Many of the well-to-do are finding affluence an empty satisfaction. Many young people, rich as well as poor, are restless and discontented . . . It is not surprising, therefore, that responsible leaders of the new generation are intent on a “value revolution”.

MEMO . . .

from the editor's desk

EDITORIALS ARE SOMETIMES conceived unexpectedly. A few days ago I had no idea of writing what I am about to write. Nothing could have been farther from my mind. Then two letters from subscribers were forwarded to me from the Mother House in Toronto. At first they were letters for which I was grateful, but not ideas for an editorial. Then, later, I read them again and they gave me the courage, I suppose, to say what I believe should be said. One letter is from Saint John, New Brunswick and this is what it says:

"I am enclosing my cheque for \$11.00. One dollar is for my subscription to THE FIELD AT HOME which gets better with each issue, and \$10.00 for the wonderful S.O.S. serving in South America."

The second letter is from Quebec City and reads this way: "I enjoy your FIELD AT HOME very much. Being rather confused at times, your articles help me realize that all is not lost if we trust in God."

The editor knows that there is criticism of the present format of our magazine. She knows that there are some who would like an S.O.S. diary of the day-to-day happenings in our several S.O.S. houses. But the question must be faced: Would this be fiddling while Rome burns?

The editor knows also that it is more comfortable to turn in on ourselves and what we are doing, what we are accomplishing for God and Canada and now, in a small way, for Brazil. Comfortable, yes! Useful . . .?

Is there any use at all for Catholic journalism today unless Catholic journalists attempt to discuss with understanding and compassion some of the burning, troubling issues of our times? Do we not have an obligation to speak out on faith and hope to a world which is desperate for both? Does maturity not mean anything to us when so many of us who are not young are still immature? Is it neglecting the work of the Sisters of Service to speak about poverty; world-wide poverty yes, but poverty here at home too. Were not the Sisters of Service founded specifically for the poor and if a lack of social justice is keeping people poor, is it not our duty to explain this in the pages of our magazine?

My sincere thanks to the subscribers who wrote those letters. They inspired me to write, not an apology because there is nothing to apologise for, but an explanation of what one sincere editor is trying to do for her Institute and for that cross-section of the People of God who read our magazine.

This Issue

For the theme and most of the material in this issue the editor is deeply indebted to Miss Helen Siedlecki, a staff member in the Social Action Department of the Canadian Catholic Conference. The theme – *To Take Time* – is apropos as we look toward a new Year. We are all so desperately busy that we don't think about time, about using it creatively, about spending it in learning to know the marvels of God's world, particularly those greatest of all His marvels – His sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters.

What can I wish for all the readers of THE FIELD AT HOME as we approach 1971? I shall wish, and my wish is a prayer, that all of us may learn to take time; time not just to listen, but to hear; not just to look but to see; time to know and love and laugh with one another. May we so use our time that our prayers will be truly *community prayers* which look way beyond ourselves and encompass in their breadth and depth the joys, sorrows, laughter, pain and longings of all God's People everywhere.

This is the editor's dearest wish.



Maybe there's another facet to life that isn't just ambition, money and power – things like communion, silence, friendship, laughter, joy, wasting time in laughter and happiness.

DR. JEAN VANIER



*To let the forest get inside
without thinking about what is happening
to take time.*

Take Time

“ . . . to seek God and, it might be,
touch and find him . . . ”

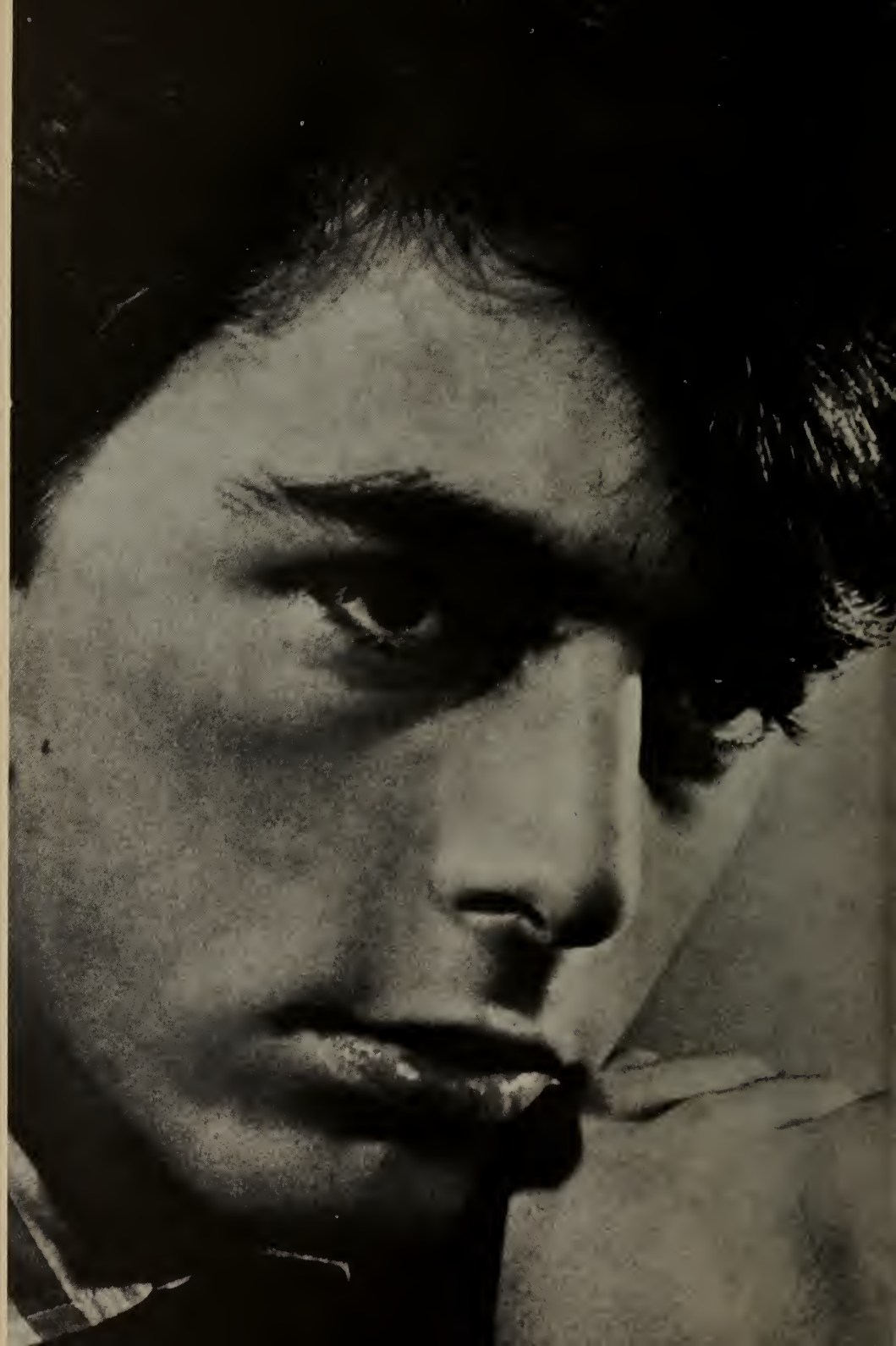
Acts 17:27

To let the forest get inside
without thinking about
what is happening –

Letting the mind go clear,
resting in the enclosure
of awesome silence.

Held,
penetrated,
invaded,
until the odor of needles
and moist earth,
the gentle sound of a falling cone
or droning insect
in a beam of light
speak from deep inside
you.

EDWIN M. MCMAHON / PETER A. CAMPBELL
Please Touch



What of Time?

Of time you would make a stream upon whose banks you would sit and watch its flowing.

Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness,

And know that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream.

And that that which sings and contemplates in you is still dwelling within the bounds of that first moment which scattered the stars into space.

Who among you does not feel that his power to love is boundless?

And yet who does not feel that very love, though boundless, encompassed within the centre of his being, and moving not from love thought to love thought, nor from love deeds to other love deeds?

And is not time even as love is, undivided and spaceless?

But if in your thought you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the other seasons,

And let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.

KAHILL GIBRAN

The Prophet

Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness, and knows that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream.



*I know
that love is worth the time it takes to find.*

“Love is worth the time it takes to find”

Having just gone through the year myself
I know that twenty-seven can be hard.
But there are Sunday breakfasts
 and April fields
and blue on blue
 and green growing things
to change all that.
I know that spring is hard because you wait for
 summer
and fall is hardest of them all –
 because you must not be alone when
 winter comes.

I know
that love is worth the time it takes to find.
Think of that
 when all the world seems made of walk-up rooms
and hands in empty pockets.

ROD MCKUEN

Stanyan Street & Other Sorrows



*You must not forget . . . You become responsible
for what you have tamed. You are responsible
for your rose . . .*

(Photo: Radio-active cobalt)

**“It is the time you have wasted for
your rose that makes your rose so important”**

— the rose that belongs to me . . . is more important than all the hundreds of other roses because it is she that I have watered; because it is she that I have put under the glass globe; because it is she that I have sheltered behind the screen; because it is for her that I have killed the caterpillars (except the two or three that we saved to become butterflies); because it is she that I have listened to, when she grumbled, or boasted, or even sometimes when she said nothing.

“It is the time I have wasted for my rose . . .” said the little prince, so that he would be sure to remember.

“Men have forgotten this truth,” said the fox. “But you must not forget it. You become responsible forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose . . .”

ANTOINE DE SAINT EXUPÉRY
The Little Prince

To wait is to
YEARN; and
dead-souled people don't yearn.
To wait is to
CREATE;
living souls call out to all creation
THAT THEY ARE ALIVE.
To wait is to
GROW
because all living, precious things
need time to
stretch out,
to deepen,
to mature –
something like a seed which must
grow or
die.
Like a friendship
or love
or trust
or simple willingness
to be involved –
which are living things that
either flourish or fizzle.
Time is the tool
of those who wait creatively.
If you don't wait for a crop to ripen
(it couldn't if you didn't plant it); . . .
there would be nothing to look
forward to
in life – no hope, no excitement.

The same is true
in every area of life, and
MOST true
of the investment only you can
make in the
BETWEEN,
for it is in this area that
you
and the rest of Mankind
have a chance
for completion
You must yearn for that completion
crave it
wait for it
which means you must build it
YOURSELF
stone by stone
inch by inch.

– ERNEST LARSEN, c.ss.r.
Don't Just Stand There!



To wait is to grow because all living, precious things need time to stretch out, to deepen, to mature. . . . Like a friendship or love or trust . . .



*Everything was rushing . . .
rushing not to waste time,
rushing after time,
to catch up with time . . .*

I WENT OUT, LORD
Men were coming and going,
Walking and running.

Everything was rushing: cars, trucks, the street, the whole town.
Men were rushing not to waste time.

They were rushing after time,
To catch up with time,
To gain time.

Good-bye Sir, excuse me, I haven't time.
I'll come back, I can't wait, I haven't time.
I must end this letter – I haven't time.
I'd love to help you, but I haven't time.
I can't accept, having no time.
I can't thing, I can't read, I'm swamped, I haven't time.
I'd like to pray, but I haven't time.

And so all men run after time, Lord
They pass through life running – hurried, jostled, overburdened, frantic,
and they never get there. They haven't time.
In spite of all their efforts they're still short of time,
Of a great deal of time.
Lord, you must have made a mistake in your calculations.
There is a big mistake somewhere. . . .

You who are beyond time, Lord, you make no mistakes in your distribution
of time to men.

You give each one time to do what you want him to do.

But we must not lose time
waste time,
kill time,

For time is a gift that you give us.

I am not asking you, Lord, for time to do this and then that,
But your grace to do conscientiously, in the time that you give me, what
you want me to do.

MICHEL QUOIST
Prayers



*To let your eye climb and twist along dark branches –
To breathe deep the sound the smell the feel of water . . .*

Take Time

Called by spaciousness –
feeling caught up within the sweep
of soaring lines –
summoned –
drawn out.

To pause
opened by delicate odors –
by patterned morning freshness.
To let your eye
take you
climbing
and
twisting
along dark
branches.

To breathe deep
the sound
the smell
the feel
of water . . .

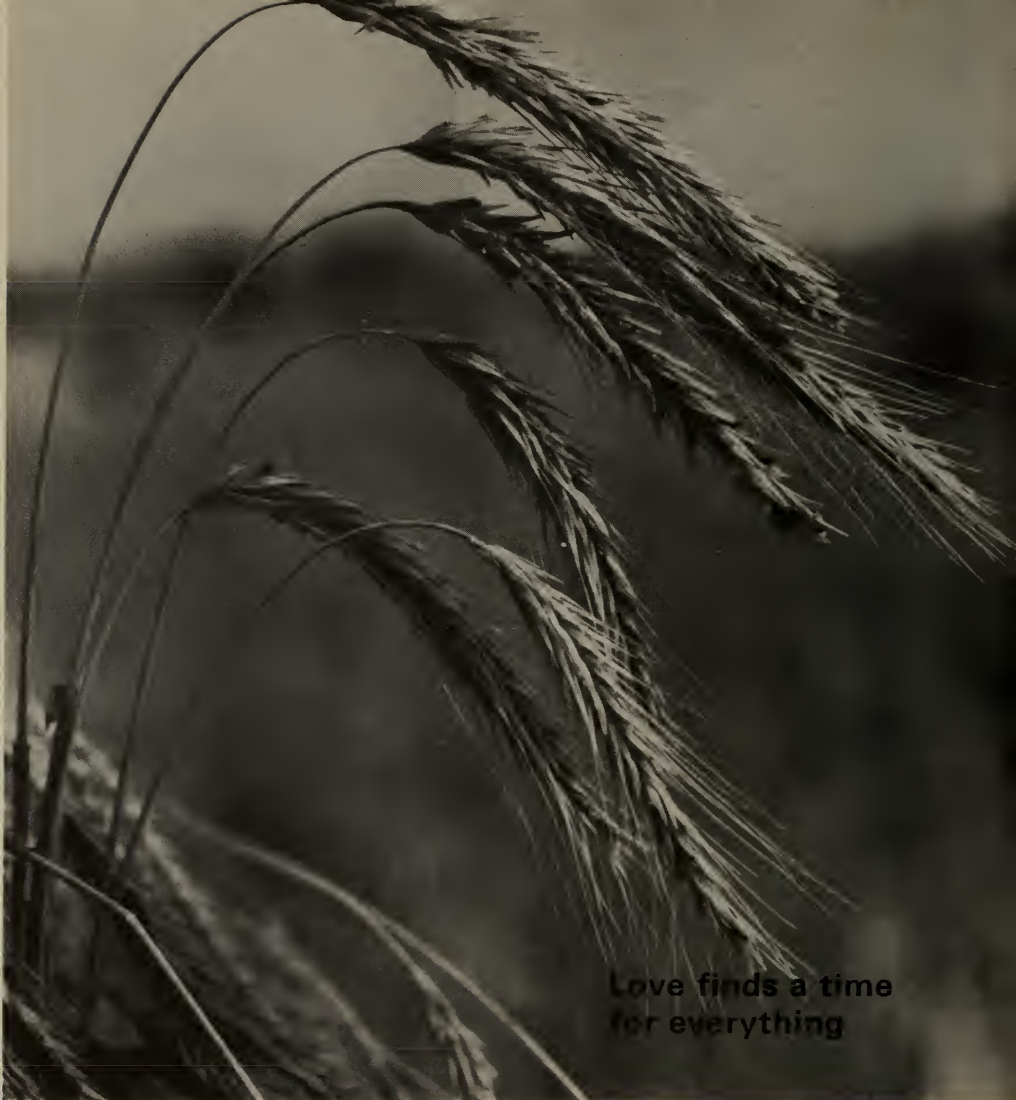
To be
inside
never again
the same.

Totally absorbed moments –
caught
pulled out of ourselves
recreated . . .

Face to face
with a presence
at work in us
whose hidden significance
we have often
not realized.

Absorbed
in the unfolding creativity
that is
God-with-us.

EDWIN M. MCMAHON / PETER A. CAMPBELL
Please Touch



**Love finds a time
for everything**

*For everything there is a season,
and a time for every matter under
heaven:*

*a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to
pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time
to build up;*

*a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to
dance;
a time to cast away stones,
and a time to gather stones
together.*

– Ecclesiastes 3:1-5

WE DON'T LIKE TO WAIT.

But if we are to truly give life to others,
we need to learn
(learn each moment)
that
LIFE TAKES TIME.

Yes
life
takes
time

Wait . . .

Wait

for the moment
when the flower's bud unfolds;
for the instant
when the seed's wall explodes
for that time
when wind sneaks through your hair;
and you, feeling its touch,
are free.

Let the mystery of what is touch you
in its own time –

mystery of daylight unfoldings;
wonder of night-time revealings.

Then touch . . . delicately . . . but not before
lest you, in a burst of eagerness,
grasp too tightly, clutch too ravenously –
and crush the mystery out of being.

Wait . . .

let what is touch you first.

SR. JEANETTE PROKOTT
Revelation

LETTER FROM BRAZIL

Dear Sisters, Family and Friends:

It just doesn't seem possible that it is six months since our last newsletter sent in June to commemorate our first anniversary in Brazil.

We spent the latter part of June and half of July in Salvador. First, we made our annual retreat with some 50 nuns from 13 different communities with an Italian Jesuit as our Retreat Master. There was only one Sister who could speak English and she was from Switzerland. All the rest were Portuguese-speaking although some were Europeans. There seem to be quite a number of Belgian, Swiss and Dutch missionaries in Brazil.

Next, we had a five-day course in visual aids and creativity that we thought would be helpful in our catechetical work. During this course, we stayed in a convent with eight Brazilian Sisters. Then we went to the Diocesan Training Center for a week-long pastoral renewal with 65 nuns from 21 different communities. We found that, cultural considerations aside, people have the same basic problems to confront and resolve but much depends on the maturity of the persons involved.

The three weeks of study and prayer were intensive and interesting. Although the training center is beside the ocean, there was very little swimming and no sunning on the beach. It rained almost daily; was cold and windy. We were glad to get back to the hot, dry climate of Casa Nova. Although Salvador is only 8 or 9 hours by bus from Casa Nova, the contrast is amazing – the moist, tropical greenness of Sal-

vador and the arid barrenness of our municipality.

The State Department of Public Works has a branch office here with road equipment and trucks. Because of the drought, these trucks are being used to haul water from the river to the interior. Day and night, we hear the roar of the trucks as they carry life-saving water to people and animals dying of thirst. Two of our catechists were out at a place where the people were in great need of water; they encouraged the people to build a water tank and then, on their return to Casa Nova, pleaded with the Department officials to send out a tankload of water. When the truck was ready to leave, Lydia with the two catechists went along. This was a good opportunity to meet the people and arrange for future training sessions. In this place, there is no church, no school, no teacher so local leaders need to be trained for the work of religious and academic education of the people.

During the month of August, the Department of Education had a course in Casa Nova for 72 teachers from the interior to upgrade their academic standing. None of these teachers have Normal School or even a high school education. During the month, we had two periods a week for religious training. One consisted of a class in doctrine given by Father John Molnar, C.Ss.R., and the others by members of Lydia's teams to train the teachers as catechists and community leaders. Leona gave two art lessons that were very

much appreciated by the staff and the teachers. She, with members of her Mothers' Club, talked to the teachers about having Mothers' Clubs in their areas. We also arranged for orientation and material for classes for illiterates and for Sunday Encounters to be held locally.

Because of the lack of priests and the isolated areas where the people live, they do not have Mass or have it infrequently. Two high-school boys have joined our volunteer training teams, so we have begun initiating Sunday Encounters and involving the men in these prayer meetings. One of the boys leads the prayers; the other reads the Gospel and gives a brief explanation applying the gospel message to the daily lives of the people; and one of the catechists leads the singing. In this way, we teach the local people to conduct these Sunday Encounters themselves. Because they are lacking in academic and religious formation, the men are timid at first, but they are interested and want to learn how to conduct these services. As more boys join our volunteer teams, we hope to form male leaders throughout the interior.

Leona's work with the Mothers' Club was brought to fruition with a beautiful Exhibition held August 27, 28 and 29th in the Social Center. The numerous articles of clothing, embroidery, artificial flowers and varied handicrafts were much admired by the crowds who came to see and buy. Most of the items on display were sold and the proceeds used to further the work of the Mothers' Club. Another Exhibition is to be held in December featuring Christmas decorations and presents. Leona also accepted the invitation of one of the catechists in the interior and went with members of her Executive to encourage the women there to found a Mothers' Club.

In September, we had three Brazilian Sisters living with us for a week conduct-

ing a religious census in Casa Nova. With volunteers from here, they were able to visit every home and get particulars that will be helpful in improving conditions in the future. We have 422 families in the town with a population of 2,310. Of this number, 1,268 (almost 55%) are less than 19 years of age.

Both of us do some substitute teaching. Father Molnar has an English class three times a week, but when he is away, Leona takes the class. Lydia substitutes in the beginning Portuguese class for illiterates.

You might be interested to know that the children here play hopscotch but it is not quite the same as ours — the squares and the jumps are different. Both boys and girls play jacks, but they use pebbles for jacks and a larger pebble for a ball. Soccer is the national game and every boy, from toddler up, kicks a ball or an empty tin can when he doesn't have a ball. Even in the most remote areas, the boys get together for their game of "futebol" as they call it.

Here, in the early days of November, we are sweltering in the heat, hoping each day that it will rain and bring relief to all. We think of you settling down for the winter and already counting the days of Christmas shopping (one problem we don't have). We want you to receive this letter and be able to read it before the Christmas rush is upon you. We also want to be the first to wish you all the joy and peace that Christmas brings.

As news comes to us of the kidnappings, threats of revolution and the murder of Mr. Laporte in Quebec, we wonder what has happened to our beloved Canada. We pray that all this will pass and that a new era of brotherhood will prevail.

May 1971 bring with it all the things that this troubled world of ours needs and may each one of us find fulfillment in serving others.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Sister Leona Trautman

Sister Lydia Tyszko



POSTSCRIPT

to the letter from Brazil

Leona Trautman, S.O.S.

The accompanying snapshots are of David, a Peace Corps worker who has a garden project going with a group of young boys. The pictures were taken in August. The windmill was in disuse so David asked for the use of it. He and the boys had to transport it a mile or so to the garden. The windmill pumps water from the Sao Francisco River to the irrigation ditches. Lydia, David, one of the boys and I are in one picture. In the background, near the river, a boy is working with tomato plants. In just four weeks the tomatoes grew from six inches to full growth. The cabbages had four leaves when these pictures were taken and by the end of September the heads were six to eight inches across, firm and crisp.

In the other picture David helps the boys to lift a wheelbarrow of fertilizer over the water hose. Beside the boy with the hoe you can see telhas which are used to conduct water from one ditch to another. Telhas are used to roof houses mainly but have other uses as well. The white ball in Lydia's hand is a cotton boll from wild cotton plants.

When this project was begun the ground was covered with grass and bushes so it represents a lot of pioneer labor. Notice the primitive garden hoe the boy is using. The boys and David have now begun selling vegetables at the Saturday market because of the great supply of tomatoes and cabbages. They have also sold turnips, beets and lettuce. The project is not only productive but remunerative.

SOS-o-gramme . . .

from here and there

Corner Brook, Newfoundland

I have become a sort of travelling gourmet savouring new dishes in Newfoundland. To begin with – fresh salmon and lobster are almost commonplace here. I have had them often before but not cooked in so many different ways. The newness began with berries: partridge berry, bakeapple, marshberry and squash berry. I have enjoyed jam, jelly and pie of all four. The bakeapples are somewhat like a yellow raspberry, but I cannot tell you what they taste like since they taste like nothing I have ever tasted before. The others are red to purple in color and are all slightly tart in taste – I like them all. These I sampled in Corner Brook. At Port Saunders I had a tender moose steak, at Port au Choix a different sort of cabbage rolls and rabbit, the latter I did not care for. However, in St. George's I had rabbit pie which was tasty and good. In Stephenville, I had fish and brewis which I found delicious; the fish was salt cod but I have no idea what brewis is. I aim to keep on trying everything that is placed before me, since I am sure to find it "right good".

Rosemarie Hudon, S.O.S.

Onoway, Alberta

We're home from school today. Sunday we got up for Mass, the snow had just started to fall and between that time and Monday a.m. we had 10 inches of snow. Following our 10 a.m. Mass, we "slid sideways" in Father's car the 12 miles to Sandy Lake, taking an hour to get there. Parishioners pushed the car from the churchyard gate to the church door. We

had four families for Mass and the organ was complaining of the cold as the furnace was put on only when we got there, so we sang without it. After Mass, a flat had to be changed on Father's car and we got stuck with the summer tires one quarter mile from the church, on the road; we couldn't make the hill. Parishioners caught up with us and couldn't push us out, so said they would go home and would be back in 20 minutes but they got stuck on the way home, had to walk part way then put chains on the truck and come back for the family before getting back to us two hours later. In the meantime two trucks had tried to pull us but weren't equipped for winter weather so we were almost in the same spot when our friend got back with little or no gas. He towed us then most of the twelve miles. We started down a hill nicely and having had that bit of success Father ventured to make speed for another hill but we immediately landed back in the ditch. Sister Anstett is a great consolation; she compliments Father on picking a ditch that's not too steep and remarks on how smoothly the car goes in, while we both have our feet braced on the floor of the car. So we got towed the rest of the way. We got home at 3.30 having completed Mass at 12:15. You would have enjoyed our "candle light party". We put the coffee over a pan and three candles; we got hot water from the sink for the hot water bottle and a blanket and curled up on the couch until we thawed. No snow ploughs have been through yet, as it is getting windy. We can't get the car from the shed, it fills in so quickly. Tonight we're going to "shovel" our way to church with our

food to heat it on the gas stove in the church basement. This is real fun.

Colleen Young, s.o.s.

High Level, Alberta

On Nov. 11 a Remembrance Day service was held in the Legion Hall at High Level. This is a yearly event and is under the auspices of the Canadian Legion here. It began with a parade from the Public School to the Legion Hall. For a small town we have quite a number of organizations and most of these took part in the parade and service – Girl Guides, Sea Scouts, Brownies, Legionnaires, Ladies' Auxiliary of the Legion, the Elks and several R.C.M.P. in their dress uniforms. All these carrying the flags of their organizations made a very colorful and impressive sight.

The service in the Hall was conducted by the Legion Commander and the two chaplains, Rev. Father Desmarises, OMI and Rev. Mr. Cohen, the Anglican minister of High Level.

Sister Green was an honored guest at this affair – she had been invited and came up from Manning for the day. At the request of Father Jal, who was intensely interested in Legion affairs when he was here, Sister painted in oils a beautiful panel for the Hall. This depicts a cemetery with rows of white crosses and poppies growing here and there. It is really a striking picture and Sister received many compliments on it. There were tangible marks of appreciation too – Sister was presented with a bouquet of red roses and a cheque after the service. The Legion Commander thanked Sister publicly and many others did so privately. We were all there – basking happily in the reflected glory of our confrere!!

303 Willard, Toronto

This year I spend two days a week at my field placement which is with Vocational

Rehabilitation, a branch of Ontario Social and Family Services. I have a tremendous supervisor and I am enjoying it immensely. This agency deals with people who are physically, emotionally or socially handicapped and who need a rehabilitation program to enable them to become self supporting. It is a good learning experience for me and I have discovered that rarely do any of these people have just one simple problem but instead they are compounded to add to their handicap. It is very encouraging to see how once they are helped, they are able to improve their situation in many areas.

Marilyn MacDonald, s.o.s.

This September I began working for the Diocesan Office of Religious Education. About 40-45% of the Catholic children in Toronto attend Public Schools so the parishes make use of our teacher training program for their catechists. More emphasis is being placed this year on the role of the parents in the program with the result of frequent meetings of this nature.

The problems and concerns of interested parents that come up at these sessions indicate a real need for Adult Education. There is an informative discussion series published by HI-TIME entitled *Focus on Hope*. Several Pastors have asked for Office Staff to consider a leadership course for a few of their parishioners who would promote group discussions in their neighborhood.

To all the SOS who came to visit us since our arrival at Willard Ave. we send our love and an invitation to come and see us again. Father G. Ehman and the CSsR Novices came for Mass and dinner Hal-low'e'en. Sue Brown, an associate, spent a day with us the week before. Sue writes her Registration Exams (X-Ray Technician) November 7, and then leaves for Sault Ste Marie where a job is waiting for her in the hospital there.

Frances Coffey, s.o.s.

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